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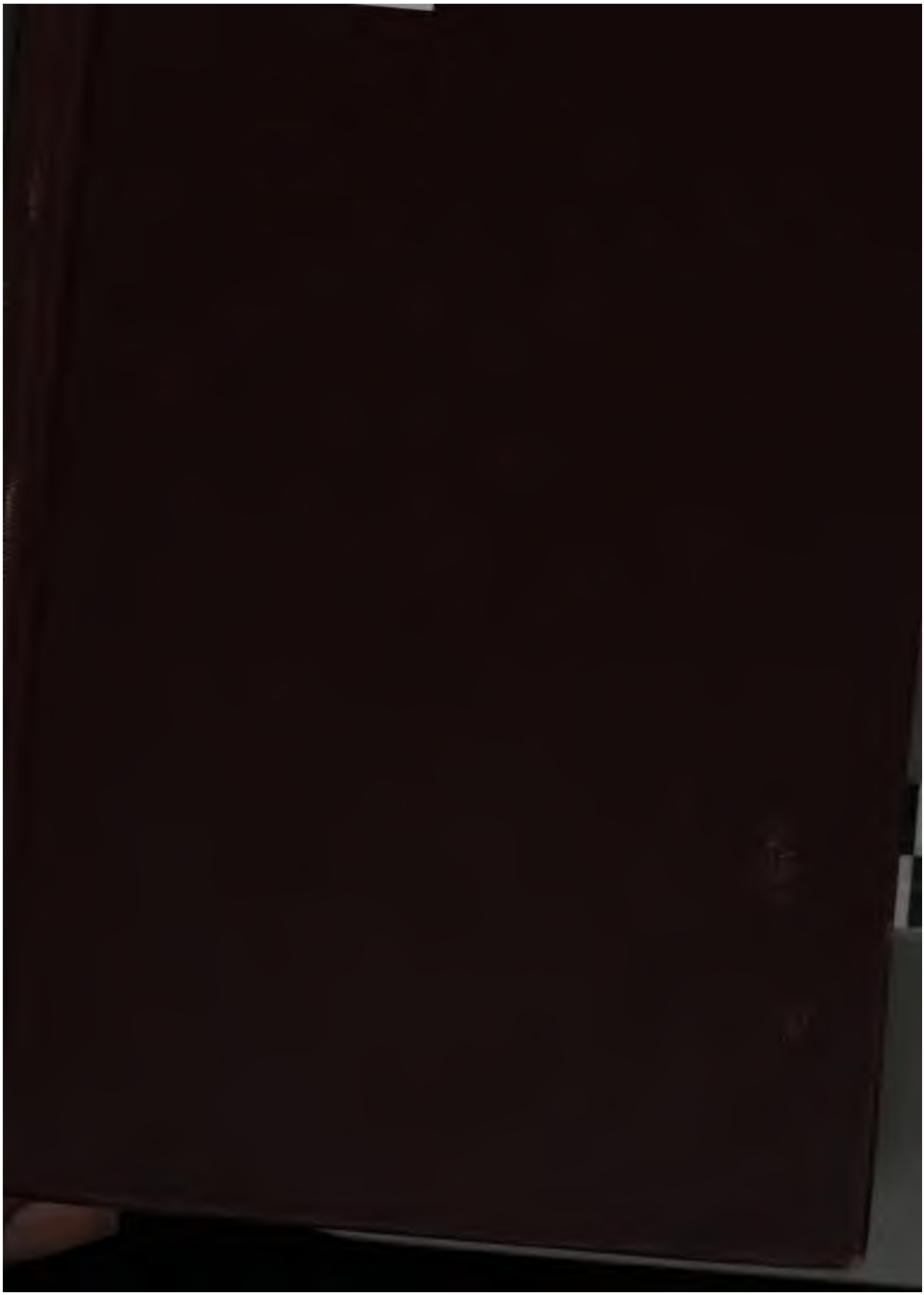

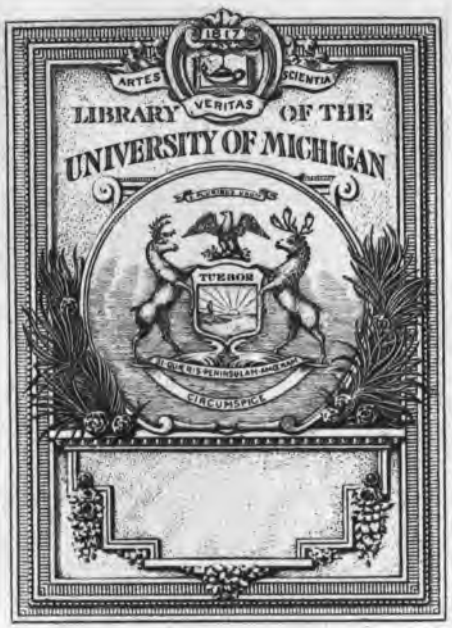
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# POPULAR

# ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

## A.

**Abandon.**—ABANDON all hope, ye who enter here.—DANTE, *Inferno.*

**Abdiel.**—[Heb. *Servant of God.*] The name of an angel mentioned by the Jewish cabalists. He is represented by Milton as one of the seraphim, who, when Satan tried to stir up a revolt among the angels subordinate to his authority, alone and boldly withstood his traitorous designs.

> Among the faithless, faithful only he:
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.—*Paradise Lost.*

**Abide.**—ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!—H. F. LYTE.

— ABIDE with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.—KEBLE, *Evening.*

**Absence.**—ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!—T. H. BAYLEY, *Isle of Beauty.*

**Abstracts.**—They are the ABSTRACTS and brief chronicles of the time.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Abundance.**—For out of the ABUNDANCE of the heart the mouth speaketh.—*Matthew*, chap. xii., 34.

**Accident.**—The ACCIDENT of an accident.—Lord THURLOW, *Reply to the Duke of Grafton.*

**Account.**—A beggarly ACCOUNT of empty boxes.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*



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**Acquaintance.**—Should auld ACQUAINTANCE be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?
BURNS, *Auld Lang Syne.*

**Action.**—ACTION is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.
WORDSWORTH, *The Borderers.*

— Suit the ACTION to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— When our souls shall leave this dwelling, the glory of one fair and virtuous ACTION is above all the scutcheons on our tomb, or silken banners over us.—J. SHIRLEY, 1666.

**Actions.**—ACTIONS of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.—DENHAM, *The Sophy.*

— Only the ACTIONS of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—J. SHIRLEY, 1666.

**Actor.**—As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced ACTOR leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.—SHAKESPERE, *Richard II.*

**Acts.**—That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered ACTS
Of kindness and of love.—WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

**Adam.**—ADAM, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Addle Parliament.**—A name given to the English Parliament which assembled at London, April 5, 1614, and was dissolved on the 6th of the following June. It was so called because it remonstrated with the king on his levying "benevolences," and passed no Acts.

**Admirable Doctor.**—[Lat. *Doctor Mirabilis.*] A title bestowed upon Roger Bacon (1214–1292), an English monk, who, by the power of his genius and the extent of his learning, raised himself above his time, made many astonishing discoveries in science, and contributed much to the extension of real knowledge.

**Admire.**—Where none ADMIRE, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle.
LYTTELTON, *Soliloquy on a Beauty.*

**Adorn.**—A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not ADORN.
DR. JOHNSON, *On Goldsmith.*

**Adullamites.**—*Politicians who combine to desert their Party at a crisis.* This nickname originated in the discussions on a Reform Bill introduced by Earl Russell's Government in 1866, when Mr. Bright referred to the powerful opposition among the supporters of the Government as a "cave of Adullam," into which went "everyone that was in distress, and everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented," gathering themselves under the leadership of two of the ablest spirits in their party. This opposition from their "candid friends" wrecked the Government, which immediately resigned. The reference is to 1 *Samuel* xxii., 2.

**Adversity.**—If thou faint in the day of ADVERSITY, thy strength is small.—*Proverbs*, xxiv. 10.

— In the ADVERSITY of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maxim* 245.

— In all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain and allays the irritation.—LYTTON'S *Lady of Lyons.*

— Sweet are the uses of ADVERSITY,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Advice.**—ADVICE is often seen,
By blunting us, to make our wits more keen.
*Ibid.*, *Lover's Complaint.*

**Affections.**—Alas! our young AFFECTIONS run to waste,
Or water but the desert.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Affliction.**—AFFLICTION is the wholesome soil of virtue;
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.
MALLET AND THOMSON.

— AFFLICTION'S sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
BURNS, *A Winter's Night.*

**Age.**—AGE cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.—SHAKESPERE, *Ant. and Cleo.*

— But an old AGE serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.—WORDSWORTH.

— Crabbed AGE and youth
Cannot live together.—SHAKESPERE, *Passionate Pilgrim.*

**Age.**—Good old AGE.—*Genesis*, XV. 15.

— His hair just grizzled
As in a green old AGE.—DRYDEN, *Œdipus.*

— Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing AGE,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.—POPE. *To Arbuthnot.*

**Ages.**—Alike all AGES: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

— Yet I doubt not through the AGES one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

**Agree.**—Where they do AGREE on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.—SHERIDAN, *The Critic.*

**Aim.**—Let all the ends thou AIM'ST at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

**Aisle.**—Where, through the long-drawn AISLE and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Ale.**—A quart of ALE is a dish for a king.
SHAKESPERE, *Winter's Tale.*

**Allegory.**—As headstrong as an ALLEGORY on the banks of the Nile.
(Mrs. Malaprop.)—SHERIDAN, *The Rivals.*

**Alliteration.**—Apt ALLITERATION'S artful aid.
CHURCHILL, *Prophecy of Famine.*

**All-the-Talents Administration.**—An ADMINISTRATION formed by Lord Grenville on the death of Mr. Pitt (June 23, 1806). The friends of this ministry gave it the appellation of "All the Talents," which, being echoed in derision by the opposition, became fixed upon it ever after. The death of Mr. FOX, one of the members, Sept. 13, 1806, led to various changes, and this ministry was finally dissolved in March, 1807.

**Almighty Dollar.**—A personification of the supposed object of American idolatry, intended as a satire upon the prevailng passion for gain. The expression originated with Washington Irving:—"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages."—*The Creole Village.*

**Alone.**—ALONE, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

**Alone.**— ALONE!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—Alone!
LYTTON, *The New Timon.*

— They are never ALONE that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
—Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, *Arcadia.*

— Why should we faint and fear to live ALONE,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
KEBLE, *Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

**Ambassador.**—An AMBASSADOR is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.—Sir H. WOTTON.

**Ambition.**—AMBITION hath one heel nail'd in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens.—LILLY.

— AMBITION is the mind's immodesty.—DAVENANT.

— AMBITION, like a torrent, ne'er looks back—
And is a swelling and the last affection
A high mind can put off; being both a rebel
Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
And offereth violence to nature's self.—BEN JONSON.

— Banish the canker of AMBITIOUS thoughts.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

— I charge thee, fling away AMBITION:
By that sin fell the angels.—*Ibid.*, *Henry VIII.*

— I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting AMBITION, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

— Lowliness is young AMBITION'S ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once obtains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.—*Ibid.*, *Julius Cæsar.*

— When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
AMBITION should be made of sterner stuff.—*Ibid.*

**Amen.**—I had most need of blessing, and "AMEN"
Stuck in my throat.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Angel.**—The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.—STERNE, *Tristram Shandy.*

**Angels.**—But, sad as ANGELS for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

— ANGELS and ministers of grace, defend us!
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— ANGELS are bright still, though the brightest fell.
*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

— Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; ANGELS could no more.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Angel-Visits.**—Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like ANGEL-VISITS, few and far between.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

**Angels' Visits.**—How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like ANGELS' VISITS, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
JOHN MORRIS, 1711, *The Parting.*

— The good he scorn'd
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in VISITS
Like those of ANGELS, short and far between.
BLAIR, *The Grave.*

**Anger.**—ANGER is like a full hot horse; who, being allowed his way, self-mettle tires him.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

— ANGER is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. —CLARENDON.

— He carries ANGER as the flint bears fire;
Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.—SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— Men in rage strike those that wish them best.—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

**Angle.**—I am, sir, a brother of the ANGLE.—WALTON, *Angler.*

**Angling.**—All that are lovers of virtue, . . . be quiet, and go a-ANGLING.—*Ibid.*

— ANGLING is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so.—*Ibid.*

**Angling.**—We may say of ANGLING as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—*Ibid.*

**Annals.**—If you have writ your ANNALS true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!—SHAKESPERE, *Coriolanus.*

— Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple ANNALS of the poor.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Annie.**—ANNIE of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.
LONGFELLOW, *Annie of Tharaw.*

**Another, yet the same.**—POPE, *Dunciad*, book iii. TICKELL, *From a Lady in England.* JOHNSON, *Life of Dryden.* DARWIN, *Botanic Garden*, pt. i. canto 4, line 380. WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, book ix. SCOTT, *The Abbot*, ch. 1.

**Apoplexy.**—A slight touch of APOPLEXY may be called a retaining fee on the part of death.—MENAGE.

**Apothecary.**—I do remember an APOTHECARY,
And hereabouts he dwells.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Applaud.**—I would APPLAUD thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Apples.**—There's small choice in rotten APPLES.
*Ibid.*, *Taming of the Shrew.*

— While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we APPLES swim!—D. MALLETT, *Tyburn.*

**Arabie.**—Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of ARABIE the blest.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Arch.**—Triumphal ARCH that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *To the Rainbow.*

**Arguing.**—In ARGUING, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Argument.**—A knock-down ARGUMENT 'tis but a word and a blow.
DRYDEN, *Amphitryon.*

— It would be ARGUMENT for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**Arm-chair.**—I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old ARM-CHAIR!
ELIZA COOK, *The Old Arm-Chair.*

**A-roving.**—So we'll go no more A-ROVING
So late into the night.—BYRON, *So we'll go.*

**Art.**—ART may err, but Nature cannot miss.
DRYDEN, *The Cock and Fox.*

— ART is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

**Artful Dodger.**—A sobriquet of one of the characters in Dickens's "Oliver Twist." He is a young thief, and an adept in villainy.

**Ashes.**—ASHES to ASHES.—*Common Prayer.*

— ASHES to ASHES, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Duke of Wellington.*

**Asmodeus.**—[Heb. *Ashmedai*, the destroyer.] In the Jewish demonology, an evil spirit, the demon of vanity, or dress, called in the Talmud "king of the devils," whence some assume him to be identical with Beelzebub, and others with Azrael. In modern times, he has been jocularly spoken of as the destroying demon of matrimonial happiness.

— Could the reader take an ASMODEUS' flight, and, waving open all roofs and privacies, look down from the roof of Notre Dame, what a Paris were it!—CARLYLE.

**Aspect.**— With grave
ASPECT he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest mŏnarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Ass.**—Egregiously an ASS.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

— O that he were here to write me down, an ASS!
*Ibid.*, *Much Ado.*

**Assurance.**—I'll make ASSURANCE double sure,
And take a bond of Fate.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Assyrian.**—The ASSYRIAN came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
BYRON, *Destruction of Sennacherib.*

**Astronomer.**—An undevout ASTRONOMER is mad.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Atheist.**—An ATHEIST'S laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!—BURNS, *To a Young Friend.*

— By night an ATHEIST half believes a God.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Athens.**—ATHENS, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.—MILTON, *Paradise Regained.*

**Atticus.**—Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

**Auburn.**—Sweet AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village.*

**Audience.**—Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit AUDIENCE find, though few.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Augean Stable.**—*Corruption or pollution of long standing.* Augeas, King of Elis, had a stable large enough to contain three thousand oxen, which had not been cleaned for many years. He hired Hercules to clean it out in one day, which he accomplished by turning the river Alpheus through it.

**Author.**—An AUTHOR! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— Most AUTHORS steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— Choose an AUTHOR as you choose a friend.
Earl of ROSCOMMON.

**Awake.**—AWAKE, arise, or be for ever fallen!
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Axe.**—When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an AXE to grind.—C. MINER, *Who'll turn Grindstones?*

— No hammers fell, no ponderous AXES rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!—HEBER'S *Palestine.*

— No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and PICK-AXE; it descended OUT OF HEAVEN FROM GOD.—*Ecce Homo, last sentence.*

## B.

**Babe.**—Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The BABE she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?—SOUTHEY, *Curse of Kehama.*

**Back.**—BACK and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.—STILL, *Gammer Gurton.*

**Bacon.**—If parts allure thee, think how BACON shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Baited.**—His hook he BAITED with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.
WILLIAM KING.

**Ballad-mongers.**—I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre BALLAD-MONGERS.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**Ballads.**—BALLADS are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.—LONGFELLOW.

— I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the BALLADS, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
FLETCHER OF SALTOUN, *Letter to Montrose.*

**Ballads.**—And tell prose writers, stories are so stale,
That penny BALLADS have a better sale.
BRETON, *Pasquil*, 1600.

**Ballot-box.**—A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'tis the BALLOT-BOX.—J. PIERPONT.

**Bank.**—I know a BANK whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows.
SHAKESPERE, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

**Barbarians.**—There were his young BARBARIANS all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Barebones Parliament.**—A nickname conferred upon the PARLIAMENT convened by Cromwell, July 4, 1653. It was composed of 139 persons, who resigned their authority Dec. 12, 1653; and it was so called from a leather-seller named Praise-God BAREBONE, who was one of the principal members.

**Barleycorn, Sir John.**—In England and Scotland, a jocular name for ale or beer, which is made of barley. Sir John is the subject of a famous old ballad of the same name. In a whimsical English tract of ancient date, entitled "The Arraigning and Indicting of SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN, Knt.," he is described as of "noble blood, well beloved in England, a great supporter of the crown, and a maintainer of both rich and poor."

— Inspiring bold JOHN BARLEYCORN,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!—BURNS.

— JOHN BARLEYCORN has given his very heart to this liquor [the "Archdeacon"]: it is a superior kind of ale, the Prince of Ales, with a richer flavour and a mightier spirit than you can find elsewhere in this weary world.—HAWTHORNE.

**Barren.**—I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all BARREN.—STERNE, *Sentimental Journey.*

**Bashfulness.**—BASHFULNESS is an ornament to youth, but a reproach to old age.—ARISTOTLE.

**Bastion.**—And topples round the dreary west
A looming BASTION fringed with fire.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Battle.**—BATTLE'S magnificently stern array.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— **The next dreadful thing to a BATTLE lost is a battle won.**
WELLINGTON.

**Battle of the Books.**—The subject of a satirical composition by Swift, entitled the "Battle between the Ancient and Modern Books in St. James's Library," alluding to the controversy regarding the respective merits of ancient and modern learning.

**Battles.**—Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his BATTLES o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

**Beard.**—And dar'st thou then
To BEARD the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?—SCOTT, *Marmion.*

**Beaten.**—Some have been BEATEN till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow!
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Beauty.**—A thing of BEAUTY is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health, and quiet breathing.
KEATS, *Endymion.*

— BEAUTY, blemish'd once, for ever's lost.
SHAKESPERE, *P. Pilgrim.*

— BEAUTY is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
KEATS, *On a Grecian Urn.*

— BEAUTY is valuable or worthless according as you invest the property to the best advantage.—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— BEAUTY stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive.—MILTON, *Paradise Regained.*

— Could I come near your BEAUTY with my nails,
I'd sêt my ten commandments in your face.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

— Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And BEAUTY draws us with a single hair.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

— Her BEAUTY hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo.*

— She walks in BEAUTY, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
BYRON, *Hebrew Melodies.*

**Beauty.**—Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of BEAUTY'S heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos.*

**Bed.**—He that will to BED go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.—ROLLO, *Duke of Normandy.*

— He who goes to BED, and goes to BED sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.—*Anon.*

— Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy BED!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.—WATTS, *Cradle Hymn.*

**Bee.**—How doth the little busy BEE
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.—*Ibid.*, *Song* XX.

**Beef.**—Oh! the roast BEEF of Old England,
And oh! the old English roast beef.—FIELDING.

**Beer.**—What two ideas are more inseparable than BEER and Britannia? What event more awfully important to an English colony than the erection of its first brewhouse?—*Sydney Smith.*

**Begging the Question.**—This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii;* and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's Topica, viii. 13, where the five ways of BEGGING the QUESTION are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "*The Arte of Logike planlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c.*, 1584."

**Behaviour.**—BEHAVIOUR is a mirror, in which everyone shows his image.—GOETHE.

**Belief.**—'Tis good to doubt the worst,
We may in our BELIEF be too secure.—WEBSTER AND ROWLEY.

**Bell.**—The BELL strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss.—YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Bells.**—Ring out wild BELLS to the wild sky.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.—*Ibid.*

**Bells.**—Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.—*Ibid.*

— Those evening BELLS; those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
MOORE, *Those Evening Bells.*

**Bench.**—A little BENCH of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo.—SHENSTONE.

**Bevy.**—A BEVY of fair women.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Bezonian.**—Under which king, BEZONIAN? speak or die.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**Bible.**—Just knows, and knows no more, her BIBLE true,
A ruth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.—COWPER, *Truth.*

**Bigotry.**—BIGOTRY murders religion, to frighten fools with her ghost.—COTTON.

**Biography.**—BIOGRAPHY is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable of all reading.—CARLYLE.

**Bird.**—And, as a BIRD each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Birth.**—Our BIRTH is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
. . . . . .
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.
WORDSWORTH, *Intimations of Immortality.*

— While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our BIRTH is nothing but our death begun.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Black.**—And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
BLACK'S not so black;—nor white so *very* white.
G. CANNING, *New Morality.*

**Black Assize, The.**—A common designation of the sitting of the courts held at Oxford in 1577, during which judges, jurymen, and counsel were swept away by a violent epidemic.

**Black Death, The.**—A name given to the celebrated Oriental plague that devastated Europe during the 14th century.

**Black Monday.**—A memorable Easter Monday in 1351, very dark and misty. A great deal of hail fell, and the cold was so extreme that many died from its effects. The name afterwards came to be applied to the Monday after Easter of each year.
My nose fell a bleeding on BLACK MONDAY last.—SHAKESPERE.

**Blasphemy.**—That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat BLASPHEMY.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Blessedness.**—BLESSEDNESS is a whole eternity older than damnation.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

**Blessings.**—How BLESSINGS brighten as they take their flight!
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Blind.**—A BLIND man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.
LONGFELLOW, *Poverty and Blindness.*

— He that is stricken BLIND, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo.*

**Bloody Assizes, The.**—A common designation of the horrid judicial massacre perpetrated, in 1685, by George Jeffreys, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, while on a circuit through the western counties of England. About three hundred persons were executed after short trials; very many were whipped, imprisoned, and fined; and nearly one thousand were sent as slaves to the American plantations.

**Blue-Stocking.**—*A literary lady.* The Society de la Calza (*Stocking*) was formed at Venice in 1500,—the members being distinguished by the prevailing colour of their STOCKINGS, BLUE. The society lasted till 1590, when some other symbol came into fashion.

**Bliss.**—The hues of BLISS more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.—GRAY, *Ode on Vicissitude.*

**Body.**—Here in the BODY pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
J. MONTGOMERY, *For ever with the Lord.*

**Bondman's Key.**— In a BONDMAN'S KEY,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Bone and Skin.**—BONE AND SKIN, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.—J. BYROM.

**Bone to Pick, A.**—*A difficult undertaking.* It was an old marriage custom in Sicily for the bride's father to give the bridegroom a bone, saying, "Pick this in order to show that you can manage a wife, which is more difficult than picking a bone." This is a common explanation; but the practice of throwing bones to dogs is a more natural method of accounting for the saying.

**Bookful.**—The BOOKFUL blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Book of Nature.**—Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the BOOK OF NATURE
Getteth short of leaves.—HOOD, *The Seasons.*

**Books.**—BOOKS cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
CRABBE, *The Borough.*

— BOOKS, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.—WORDSWORTH.

— BOOKS which are no books.—CHARLES LAMB.

— BOOKS that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all.—JOHNSONIANA.

— Deep vers'd in BOOKS, and shallow in himself.
MILTON, *Paradise Regained.*

— Learning hath gained most by those BOOKS by which the printers have lost.—J. FULLER, *Of Books.*

— Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a BOOK,
Only read, perhaps, by me.—WORDSWORTH.

— Up! up! my friend, and quit your BOOKS,
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?—*Ibid.*, *The Tables Turned.*

**Books.**—He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a BOOK.—SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

— As good almost kill a man as kill a good BOOK; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.—MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

— A good BOOK is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Ibid.*

— BOOKS are men of higher stature,
And the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.
E. B. BROWNING.

— If the secret history of BOOKS could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!—THACKERAY.

— A novel was a BOOK
Three-volumed, and once read, and oft cramm'd full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page;
And oftener still, of trifling, second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, putrid thought,
And miserable incident, at war
With nature, with itself and truth at war;
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done, he tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.—POLLOK.

— Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some BOOKS are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.
BACON, *Essays.*

**Bores.**—Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the BORES and bored.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Borrower.**—Neither a BORROWER nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Bounty.**—Large was his BOUNTY, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Bow.**—Two strings to his BOW.—HOOKER'S *Polity.* BUTLER, *Hudibras.* CHURCHILL, *The Ghost.* FIELDING, *Love in Several Masques.*

**Boy.**—Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a BOY?
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Eager-hearted as a BOY, when first he leaves his father's field.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

— The BOY stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.—MRS. HEMANS, *Casabianca.*

— Twelve years ago I was a BOY,
A happy boy, at Drury's.—PRAED, *School and School-fellows.*

**Boz.**—A pseudonym under which Charles Dickens contributed a series of "Sketches of Life and Character" to the London "Morning Chronicle." Of this *nom de plume* he has given the following account:—

"Boz, my signature in the 'Morning Chronicle,' was the nickname of a pet child, younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, Boz. Boz was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

— Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river
I would drink a health to BOZ.—HOOD.

**Brain.**—With curious art the BRAIN, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
CHURCHILL, *Epistle to Hogarth.*

**Brains.**—Beard was never the true standard of BRAINS.—T. FULLER.

**Brandy.**—Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink BRANDY.—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson.*

**Brave.**—How sleep the BRAVE who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd!—COLLINS, *Ode*, 1746.

— None but the BRAVE deserves the fair.—DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

— Toll for the BRAVE!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!
COWPER, *On the Loss of the Royal George.*

**Bravest of the Brave.**—A title conferred upon the celebrated Marshal Ney (1769–1815) by the French troops at Friedland (1807), on account of his fearless bravery. He was in command of the right wing, which bore the brunt of the battle, and stormed the town. Napoleon, as he watched him passing unterrified through a shower of balls, exclaimed, "That man is a lion;" and henceforth the army styled him *Le Brave des Braves.*

**Breach.**—Once more unto the BREACH, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Bread.**—BREAD is the staff of life.—SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub.*

**Breeches Bibles.**—A name given to editions of the so-called Genevan Bible (first printed at Geneva, by Rowland Hall, 1560, in 4to), from the peculiar rendering of Gen. iii. 7.

**Brevity.**—BREVITY is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— BREVITY is the body and soul of wit. It is wit itself, for it alone isolates sufficiently for contrasts; because redundancy or diffuseness produces no distinctions.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

**Bridge of Sighs.**—[It. *Ponte del Sospiri.*] The name popularly given to the covered passage-way which connects the Doge's palace in Venice with the state prisons, from the circumstance that the condemned prisoners were transported over this bridge from the hall of judgment to the place of execution. Hood has used the name as the title of one of his poems.

— I stood in Venice, on the BRIDGE OF SIGHS;
A palace and a prison on each hand.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Brief.**—'Tis better to be BRIEF than tedious.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

**Bright.**—All that's BRIGHT must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!—MOORE, *All that's Bright.*

**Brightest.**—BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.—HEBER, *Epiphany.*

**Britain.**—When BRITAIN first, at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.—THOMSON.

**Brother Jonathan.**—[*America.*] When Washington was in Massachusetts with his army, he was often in great difficulty for supplies of all kinds; and having often been assisted by Jonathan Turnbull; governor of Connecticut, he was wont, in cases of emergency, to say that he would "consult BROTHER JONATHAN," and the saying passed into a by-word.

**Bull, John.**—A well-known collective name of the English nation, first used in Arbuthnot's satire, "The History of JOHN BULL," usually published in Swift's works. In this satire, the French are designated as Lewis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, etc. The "History of John Bull" was designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough.

"One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view, and have been so successful in their delineation that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, JOHN BULL."—W. IRVING.

**Bumper.**—When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner—*au bon père:* whence BUMPER.—COCCHI.

**Butterfly.**—I'd be a BUTTERFLY; living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.—T. H. BAYLEY.

## C.

**Cabal, The.**—A name given in English history to a famous cabinet council formed in 1670, and composed of five unpopular ministers of Charles II., namely, Lords Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. The word "CABAL"—at that time in common use to denote *a junto* or *set of men united for political purposes*—having been popularly applied to this ministry as a term of reproach, it was soon discovered to be a sort of anagram made up of the initials of the names of the several members.

**Cadmean Victory, A.**—*Greek Proverb.* A CADMEAN VICTORY was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

**Cæsar.**—But yesterday, the word of CÆSAR might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— CÆSAR had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the Speaker)—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.
P. HENRY.

**Cæsar.**—Conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as CÆSAR.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— Imperial CÆSAR, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— Not that I loved CÆSAR less, but that I loved Rome more.
*Ibid.*, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Cake** —Would'st thou both eat thy CAKES and have it?
G. HERBERT, *The Size.*

**Cakes and Ale.**—*Sir To.* Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more CAKES AND ALE?
*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.—SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

**Calamity.**—CALAMITY is man's true touchstone.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

— Times of general CALAMITY and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.—COLTON, *Lacon.*

**Caledonia.**—O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood.
SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

**Calendar Rhyming.**—Junius, Aprilis, Septénq; Nouemq; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.
HOLINSHED'S *Chronicles*, 1577.

— Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.—GRAFTON'S *Chronicles*, 1590.

— Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one;
Unless that leap-year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.
*Return from Parnassus.*

**Calm.**—Ne'er saw I, never felt, a CALM so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets.*

— CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Calumny.**—Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape CALUMNY.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— CALUMNY will sear virtue itself.
*Ibid.*, *A Winter's Tale.*

**Candour.**—CANDOUR is the brightest gem of criticism.—DISRAELI.

**Capulets.**—I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the CAPULETS.—EDMUND BURKE.

**Care.**—And is there CARE in Heaven?—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

— CARE keeps his watch in every old man's eye.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— CARE'S an enemy to life.—*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night.*

— CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.—Dr. WOLCOT.

— Cast all your CARE on God: that anchor holds.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden.*

— Hang sorrow! CARE will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.—G. WITHER.

— I am sure CARE'S an enemy to life.
SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

**Cares.**—And the night shall be filled with music,
And the CARES that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
LONGFELLOW, *The Day is Done.*

**Castles.**—CASTLES in the air cost a vast deal to keep up.—LYTTON.

**Catching a Tartar.**—*Encountering an opponent of unexpected strength.* In a battle, an Irishman (according to Captain Grose) called out to his officer, "I have caught a Tartar." "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He won't let me," rejoined Pat. And as the Turk carried off his captor, the saying passed into a proverb.

**Censure.**—CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—SWIFT.

— The villain's CENSURE is extorted praise.—POPE.

**Cerberus.**—You are not like CERBERUS, three gentlemen at once, are you? (Mrs. Malaprop.)—SHERIDAN, *The Rivals.*

**Chance.**—And grasps the skirts of happy CHANCE,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Change.**—All is CHANGE, woe or weal;
Joy is sorrow's brother;
Grief and gladness steal
Symbols of each other:
Ah! welaway!—*Ibid.*, *Poems*, 1830.

— CHANGE amuses the mind, yet scarcely profits.—GOETHE.

— CHANGE still doth reign, and keep the greater sway.—SPENSER.

— Some force whole regions, in despite
O' Geography, to CHANGE their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Character.**—CHARACTER gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and grey hairs.—EMERSON.

**Characters.**—CHARACTERS never change. Opinions alter,—characters are only developed.—DISRAELI.

**Charge.**—"CHARGE, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.—SCOTT, *Marmion.*

**Charity.**—Gently to hear, kindly to judge.—SHAKESPERE.

— CHARITY shall cover the multitude of sins.—1 *Peter*, iv. 8.

— He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting CHARITY.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

— Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.—BURNS, *Address to the Unco' Guid.*

**Charm.**—To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native CHARM, than all the gloss of art.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Chastity.**—So dear to heaven is saintly CHASTITY,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.—MILTON, *Comus.*

— 'Tis CHASTITY, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel.—*Ibid.*

**Chatterton.**—I thought of CHATTERTON, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride.
WORDSWORTH, *Resolution and Independence.*

**Chaucer.**—Dan CHAUCER, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

**Cheated.**—Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being CHEATED, as to cheat.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Cherry Ripe.**—CHERRY RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones,—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land, or cherry-isle.—HERRICK, *Cherry Ripe.*

— There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till CHERRY RIPE themselves do cry.
RICHARD ALLISON, 1606.

**Cherub.**—There's a sweet little CHERUB that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.—C. DIBDIN.

**Chickens.**—To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
And count their CHICKENS ere they're hatched.
BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Child.**— A simple CHILD,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?—WORDSWORTH, *We are Seven.*

— Behold the CHILD, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the CHILD.
GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

— How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless CHILD!—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

— The CHILD is father of the Man.
WORDSWORTH, *My Heart Leaps Up.*

**Childhood.**—The CHILDHOOD shows the man
As morning shows the day.—MILTON, *Paradise Regained.*

**Childhood.**—O, ever thus, from CHILDHOOD'S hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
MOORE, *Fire Worshippers.*

**Children.**—Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the CHILDREN were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
LONGFELLOW, *Children.*

— As CHILDREN gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
MILTON, *Paradise Regained.*

— CHILDREN like olive plants round about thy table.
*Psalm* cxxviii. 3.

**Chinaman, John.**—A cant or popular name for the Chinese. The earliest known instance of its use is in "A Letter to the Committee of Management of Drury Lane Theater, London, 1819."

**Chivalry.**—It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But THE AGE OF CHIVALRY IS GONE. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.—ED. BURKE, *French Revolution.*

**Christian.**—A CHRISTIAN is the highest style of man.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a CHRISTIAN.
POPE, *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

**Christians.**—CHRISTIANS have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Christmas.**—At CHRISTMAS play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
TUSSER, *The Farmer's Diet.*

**Christmas.**—Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Church.**—The CHURCH of England hath a Popish liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian clergy.—*Ascribed to* PITT.

— To be of no CHURCH is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.—JOHNSON, *Life of Milton.*

— Who builds a CHURCH to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

**Circumlocution Office.**—A designation made use of by Dickens in "Little Dorrit," in ridicule of official delays and indirectness. The CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE is described as the chief of "public departments in the art of perceiving *how not to do it.*" The name has come into popular use as a synonym for governmental routine, or "red tape," or a roundabout way of transacting public business.

— Whatever was required to be done, the CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving *how not to do it.*—DICKENS, *Little Dorrit.*

— The administrative Reform Association might have worked for ten years, without producing half of the effect which Mr. Dickens has produced in the same direction by flinging out the phrase, "The CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE."—MASSON.

**Claes.**—Gars auld CLAES look amaist as weel's the new.
BURNS, *Cotter's Saturday Night.*

**Classic Ground.**—For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on CLASSIC GROUND.
ADDISON, *Letter from Italy.*

**Clay.**—The precious porcelain of human CLAY.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Cleanliness.**—Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "CLEANLINESS is indeed next to godliness."—JOHN WESLEY.

— Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.—THOMSON.

**Cliff.**—As some tall CLIFF, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Climb.**—Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.
SIR W. RALEIGH, *Written on a pane of glass, in Queen Elizabeth's presence.*

**Cloud.**—*Ham.* Do you see yonder CLOUD that's almost in shape of a camel?
*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.
*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weazel.
*Pol.* It is back'd like a weazel.
*Ham.* Or, like a whale?
*Pol.* Very like a whale.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Cloud of witnesses.**—*Hebrews* xii. 1.

**Cock and Bull Story.**—*An improbable story.* Numerous mistakes were made in interpreting hieroglyphic writings in the middle of the seventeenth century; the figures being so uncouth, and the rendering so unsatisfactory, that in two of the most common illustrations, it was alleged of some translators "they had mistaken a cock for a bull."

**Cocker, According to.**—*Arithmetically correct.* COCKER published a treatise on arithmetic, which, notwithstanding its great original popularity, is now obsolete. "According to Hoyle," needs no explanation.

**Cockney School, or Cockney Poets.**—A name given by some of the English critics to a literary coterie whose productions were said "to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." In this sect were included Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, and others; and the *Quarterly Review* (April, 1818) charged the first with aspiring to be the "hierophant" of it.

**Coffee.**—COFFEE, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

**Cogitation.**—His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of COGITATION.—HENRY CAREY, *Chronon.*

**Coincidence.**—A "strange COINCIDENCE," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Cold.**—The COLD in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.—*Ibid.*, *The Giaour.*

**Colossus.**—Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a COLOSSUS; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Come one, come all!**—COME ONE, COME ALL! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.—SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake.*

**Commandments.**— Set my ten COMMANDMENTS in your face.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI. Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594. *Westward Ho!* 1607. ERASMUS, *Apophthegms.*

**Commentators.**—Oh! rather give me COMMENTATORS plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.
CRABBE, *The Parish Register.*

— How COMMENTATORS each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame.*

**Comparisons.**—COMPARISONS are odious.—BURTON, *Anat. of Mel.* HEYWOOD, *A Woman killed with Kindness.* HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— Are odorous.—SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado.*

— Are offensive.—*Don Quixote.*

— She and COMPARISONS are odious.—Dr. JOHN DONNE.

**Concatenation.**—A CONCATENATION accordingly.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops.*

**Conduct.**—His CONDUCT still right, with his argument wrong.
*Ibid.*, *Retaliation.*

**Confidence.**—CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—W. PITT.

**Confusion.**—CONFUSION now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
CONFUSION worse confounded.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Conscience.**—A man's own CONSCIENCE is his sole tribunal: and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion" than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark.—LYTTON.

— A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet CONSCIENCE.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

**Conscience.**—CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— My CONSCIENCE hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.—*Ibid.*, *Richard III.*

**Consent.**—And whispering, "I will ne'er CONSENT," consented.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Consideration.**—CONSIDERATION, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Constable.**— Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the CONSTABLE at last.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Contented.**—I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be CONTENTED; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.—CERVANTES, *Don Quixote.*

**Contentment.**—The noblest mind the best CONTENTMENT has.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

**Corporations.**—CORPORATIONS cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.—Sir EDWARD COKE.

**Correspondent.**—I will be CORRESPONDENT to command,
And do my spriting gently.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

**Counsel.**—COUNSEL may stop awhile what will not stay.
*Ibid.*, *Lover's Complaint.*

**Counsels.**—Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie COUNSELS sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises.—BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter.*

**Counsellors.**—In the multitude of COUNSELLORS there is safety.
*Proverbs* xi. 14.

**Country.**—Our COUNTRY! in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.—STEPHEN DECATUR, *Toast at Norfolk*, 1816.

— There's no glory like his who saves his COUNTRY.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

— 'Twas for the good of my COUNTRY that I should be abroad.
FARQUHAR, *Beaux' Stratagem.*

**Coward.**—When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The COWARD sneaks to death, the brave live on.—Dr. SEWELL.

**Cowards.**—COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Cowards.**—COWARDS falter, but danger is often overcome by those who nobly dare—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

**Creature.**—A CREATURE not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom.*

**Creed.**—And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the CREED of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;
Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a CREED outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets.*

**Creeds.**—Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our CREEDS agree?
MOORE, *Come send round the wine.*

— The knots that tangle human CREEDS.—TENNYSON, *Poems.*

**Cricket.**—Save the CRICKET on the hearth.—MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

**Crime.**—It is more than a CRIME, it is a political fault; words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others. —*Memoirs of Fouché.*

**Crimes.**— Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged CRIMES,
Unwhipp'd of justice.—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

**Critical.**—For I am nothing, if not CRITICAL.—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

**Critics.**—A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,
Save censure; CRITICS all are ready-made,
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote:
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling, pass your project jest.
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
BYRON, *English Bards.*

**Cruel.**—I must be CRUEL, only to be **kind**:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Cuckoo.**—O CUCKOO! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?—WORDSWORTH, *To the Cuckoo.*

**Crown.**—Uneasy lies the head that wears a CROWN.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**Cupid.**—This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan CUPID;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.
*Ibid.*, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

**Curfew.**—The CURFEW tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Curses.**—"CURSES are like young chickens,
And still come home to roost!"—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

**Custom.**—But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a CUSTOM
More honoured in the breach, than the observance.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Cut.**—This was the most unkindest CUT of all.—*Ibid.*, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Cut off.**—CUT OFF even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Cuttle, Captain.**—A character in Dickens's "Dombey and Son," combining great humour, eccentricity, and pathos, distinguished for his simplicity, credulity, and generous trustfulness. One of his famous expressions is, "When found, make a note of."

**Cynosure.**—Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The CYNOSURE of neighbouring eyes.—MILTON, *L'Allegro.*

## D.

**Dagger.**—Is this a DAGGER which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Daggers-Drawing.**—Have always been at DAGGERS-DRAWING,
And one another clapper-clawing.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Daisy.**—Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen DAISIES in our toun.
CHAUCER, *Legend of Good Women.*

— That well by reason men it call may
The DAISIE, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all.—*Ibid.*

— Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one:
The DAISY, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
WORDSWORTH, *To a Child.*

— The poet's darling.—*Ibid.*, *To the Daisy.*

— Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature.—*Ibid.*

— Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.—BURNS, *To a Daisy.*

— Myriads of DAISIES have shown forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
WORDSWORTH, *Poems*, 1833.

**Dame.**—Where sits our sulky, sullen DAME,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter.*

**Daniel.**—A DANIEL come to judgment!
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— A second DANIEL, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.—*Ibid.*

**Dare.**—I DARE do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

— Letting I DARE not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage.—*Ibid.*

— What man DARE, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcian tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.—*Ibid.*

**Dark.**—DARK with excessive bright.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— I am just going to leap into the DARK.—RABELAIS.

**Darkness.**—DARKNESS which may be felt.—*Exodus* x. 21.

— Yet from those flames
No light, but rather DARKNESS visible.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Davy Jones.**—A familiar name among sailors for death, formerly for the evil spirit who was supposed to preside over the demons of the sea. He was thought to be in all storms, and was sometimes seen of gigantic height, showing three rows of sharp teeth in his enormous mouth, opening great frightful eyes, and nostrils which emitted blue flames. The ocean is still termed by sailors DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

**Dawn.**—The DAWN is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome.—ADDISON, *Cato.*

**Day.**—"I've lost a DAY"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— *Philip.* Madam, a DAY may sink or save a realm.
*Mary.* A day may save a heart from breaking too.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

— Now's the DAY, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour.—BURNS, *Scots wha hae.*

— Sweet DAY, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.—G. HERBERT, *Virtue.*

— The DAY is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.—LONGFELLOW, *The Day is Done.*

**Days.**—My DAYS are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!—BYRON, *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

— Of all the DAYS that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
H. CAREY (1743), *Sally in our Alley.*

**Dead.**—DEAD, for a ducat, dead.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty DEAD.
THOMSON, *The Seasons, Winter.*

**Death.**—DEATH borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.—Bishop HALL, *Epistles.*

— A double DEATH, to drown in ken of shore.
SHAKESPERE, *Lucrece.*

— Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where DEATH'S approach is seen so terrible.—*Ibid.*, *Henry IV.*

— And nothing can we call our own but DEATH,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.
*Ibid.*, *Richard II.*

— By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
POPE, *Unfortunate Lady.*

— DEATH is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor men would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— Every man at time of DEATH,
Would fain set forth some saying that may live
After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word a power to live,
And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
After the vanished voice, and speak to men.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

— Deliverer! God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed, and crush the oppressor.—W. C. BRYANT.

— Heaven gives its favourites early DEATH.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Death.**—How wonderful is DEATH!
Death and his brother Sleep.—SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

— God's finger touched him, and he slept.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— He fell asleep.—*Acts* vii. 60.

— I fled, and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O DEATH!
HEMANS, *The Hour of Death.*

— Men must endure their going hence,
Even as their coming hither.—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

— Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his DEATH,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

— O eloquent, just and mightie DEATH! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchéd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*—Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *Historie of the World.*

— Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.—BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon.*

— The quiet haven of us all.—WORDSWORTH.

— There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
. . . . . .

— There is no DEATH! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.—LONGFELLOW, *Resignation.*

— The sense of DEATH is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Death.**—The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of DEATH.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

— To every man upon this earth
DEATH cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?—MACAULAY, *Lays, Horatius.*

— Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
DEATH came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.—COLERIDGE, *On an Infant.*

**Deed.**—A DEED without a name.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— How far that little candle throws its beam!
So shines a good DEED in a naughty world.
*Ibid.*, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Deeds.**—DEEDS, not words.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— 'Tis DEEDS must win the prize.
SHAKESPERE, *Taming of the Shrew.*

— For blessings ever wait on virtuous DEEDS,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride.*

— How oft the sight of means to do ill DEEDS
Makes ill deeds done!—SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

— Foul DEEDS will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Delays.**—All DELAYS are dangerous in war.
DRYDEN, *Tyrannic Love.*

— Defer no time, DELAYS have dangerous ends.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

**Denmark.**—Something is rotten in the state of DENMARK.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Deputation.**—DEPUTATION: A noun of multitude, which signifies *many, but* does not signify much.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

**Derby Dilly.**—So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The DERBY DILLY, carrying *Three* Insides.
G. CANNING, *The Loves of the Triangles.*

**Descent.**—From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long DESCENT.
TENNYSON, *Lady Clara.*

**Desert.**—Oh! that the DESERT were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Despair.**—Then black DESPAIR,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
SHELLEY, *The Revolt of Islam.*

**Devil.**—DEVIL take the hindmost.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. BUTLER, *Hudibras.* PRIOR, *Ode on taking Nemur.* POPE, *Dunciad.* BURNS, *To a Haggis.*

— Go, poor DEVIL, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy.*

— He must go that the DEVIL drives.
PEELE, *Edward I.* SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— He must have a long spoon that eats with the DEVIL.—CHAUCER, *The Squiere's Tale.* MARLOWE, *The Jew of Malta.* SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen. Apius and Virginia.*

— He who will give the DEVIL his due.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

— The DEVIL can cite Scripture for his purpose.
*Ibid.*, *Merchant of Venice.*

— The DEVIL hath power to assume a pleasing shape.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— The DEVIL was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.
RABELAIS.

— God never had a church but there, men say,
The DEVIL a chapel had raised by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Giles.
DRUMMOND, *Posthumous Poems.*

— Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The DEVIL always builds a chapel there,
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.
DEFOE, *True-Born Englishman.*

**Devil.**—No sooner is a temple built to God, but the DEVIL builds a chapel hard by.—HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— Where God hath a temple, the DEVIL will have a chapel.
BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

**Dews.**—The DEWS of the evening most carefully shun,—
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
CHESTERFIELD, *Advice to a Lady in Autumn.*

**Dial.**—True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the DIAL to the sun.—BARTON BOOTH, 1733.

— True as the DIAL to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Diamonds.**—DIAMONDS cut diamonds.—FORD, *Lover's Melancholy.*

**Die.**—Ay, but to DIE, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

— But thousands DIE without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.—POPE, *Moral Essays.*

— But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can DIE
Is where he dies for man!—M. J. BARRY.

— He that DIES pays all his debts.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

— He that DIES this year is quit for the next.—*Ibid., Henry IV.*

— All that lives must DIE,
Passing through nature to eternity.—*Ibid., Hamlet.*

— To DIE is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
S. GARTH, *The Dispensary.*

— They never fail who DIE
In a great cause.—BYRON, *Marino Faliero.*

— To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to DIE.—CAMPBELL, *Hallowed Ground.*

**Digestion.**—Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Dirty Work.**—Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

**Discontent.**—Now is the winter of our DISCONTENT
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

**Discourse.**—Bid me DISCOURSE, I will enchant thine ear.
*Ibid.*, *Venus and Adonis.*

— In DISCOURSE more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Sure, He that made us with such large DISCOURSE,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Discretion.**—DISCRETION and hard valour are the twins of honour.
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

— DISCRETION the best part of valour.—*Ibid.*

— The better part of valour is DISCRETION.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.* CHURCHILL, *The Ghost.*

**Disease.**—He who cures a DISEASE may be the skilfullest, but he that prevents it is the safest physician.—T. FULLER.

— DISEASES, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— Desperate DISEASES need desperate cures.—*Proverb.*

**Disorder.**—You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd DISORDER.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Disputing.**—The itch of DISPUTING will prove the scab of churches.
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

**Dissension.**—Alas! how light a cause may move
DISSENSION between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.
MOORE, *The Light of the Harem.*

**Dissimulation.**—DISSIMULATION is but a faint kind of policy; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell the truth and to do it.—BACON.

**Distance.**—'Tis DISTANCE lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

**Ditto to Mr. Burke.**—At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, "I say DITTO TO MR. BURKE, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."—PRIOR, *Life of Burke.*

**Doctor Fell.**—I do not love thee DOCTOR FELL,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.—TOM BROWNE, 1704.

**Doctors.**—Who shall decide, when DOCTORS disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

**Doctrine.**—Prove their DOCTRINE orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— Some to church repair,
Not for the DOCTRINE but the music there.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— What makes all DOCTRINES plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Dog.**—And in that town a DOG was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.—GOLDSMITH, *On a Mad Dog.*

— The DOG, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.—*Ibid.*

— The man recovered of the bite;
The DOG it was that died.—*Ibid.*

**Dog.**—I am his Highness's DOG at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?—POPE, *Windsor Forest.*

— Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and DOG will have his day.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Dogs.**—Let DOGS delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.—WATTS, *Song* xvi.

**Domestic Joy.**—How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of DOMESTIC JOY.
JOHNSON, *Lines added to* GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller.*

**Done.**—If it were DONE, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— What's DONE we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
BURNS, *Address to the Unco' Guid.*

**Dotes.**—But, O, what damned minutes tell he o'er,
Who DOTES, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

**Double.**—DOUBLE, double toil and trouble.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Double Sense.**—And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a DOUBLE SENSE;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—*Ibid.*

**Doubt.**—There lives more faith in honest DOUBT,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— When in DOUBT, win the trick.—HOYLE, *Rules for Learners.*

— To be once in DOUBT
Is once to be resolved.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

**Doubts.**— Our DOUBTS are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.—*Ibid.*, *Measure for Measure.*

— But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy DOUBTS and fears.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Down.**—He that is DOWN can fall no lower.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— He that is DOWN needs fear no fall.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

**Downs.**—All in the DOWNS the fleet was moor'd.
GAY, *Sweet William's Farewell.*

**Dream.**—A change came o'er the spirit of my DREAM.
BYRON, *The Dream.*

— I had a DREAM which was not all a dream.—*Ibid.*, *Darkness.*

**Dreams.**—Till their own DREAMS at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.—PRIOR, *Alma.*

— To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing DREAMS, and slumbers light!—SCOTT, *Marmion.*

— True, I talk of DREAMS,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Drink.**—I DRINK no more than a sponge.—RABELAIS.

— If on thy theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men DRINK:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or least I should be by-and-by,
Or any other reasons why.—H. ALDRICH, *Biog. Brit.*

— DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.—BEN JONSON, *The Forest.*

**Drown.**—O Lord, methought, what pain it was to DROWN!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

**Drum.**—Not a DRUM was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

. . . . .

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

. . . . .

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!
C. WOLFE, 1823, *Burial of Sir John Moore.*

**Dryden.**—Waller was smooth, but DRYDEN taught to join
The varying verse, the full responding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.—POPE, *Horace.*

**Duke Humphrey.**—A name used in an old expression, "To dine with DUKE HUMPHREY," that is, to have no dinner at all. This phrase is said to have arisen from the circumstance that a part of the public walks in Old Saint Paul's, London, was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, and that those who were without the means of defraying their expenses at a tavern were formerly accustomed to walk here in hope of procuring an invitation.

— It distinctly appears . . that one Diggory Chuzzlewit was in the habit of perpetually dining with DUKE HUMPHREY. So constantly was he a guest at that nobleman's table, indeed, and so unceasingly were his grace's hospitality and companionship forced, as it were, upon him, that we find him uneasy, and full of constraint and reluctance; writing his friends to the effect, that, if they fail to do so and so by bearer, he will have no choice but to dine again with Duke Humphrey.—DICKENS.

— In the form *Humfrey*, it [Hunifred] was much used by the great house of Bohun, and through his mother, their heiress, descended to the ill-fated son of Henry IV., who has left it an open question whether dining with DUKE HUMPHREY alludes to the report that he was starved to death, or to the Elizabethan habit for poor gentility to beguile the dinner hour by a promenade near his tomb in old St. Paul's.—YONGE.

**Dunce.**—How much a DUNCE that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
COWPER, *The Progress of Error.*

**Dust.**—DUST to dust.—*Common Prayer.*

— DUST thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—*Genesis* iii. 19.

**Duties.**—DUTIES are ours; events are God's.—CECIL.

**Duty.**—DUTY, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.—D. JERROLD.

— Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: "Do the DUTY which lies nearest to thee," which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.—T. CARLYLE.

— Every subject's DUTY is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

— Such DUTY as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
*Ibid.*, *Taming of the Shrew.*

**Dwarf.**—A DWARF sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.—COLERIDGE, *The Friend.*

**Dwarf.**—A DWARF on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.
HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— Grant them but DWARFS, yet stand they on giant's shoulders, and may see the further.—FULLER, *The Holy State.*

**Dyer.**—My nature is subdued to what it works in, like the DYER'S hand.—SHAKESPERE, *Sonnets.*

**Dying.**—DYING, bless the hand that gave the blow.
DRYDEN, *Spanish Friar.*

— The air is full of farewells to the DYING.
LONGFELLOW, *Resignation.*

## E.

**Eagle.**—That EAGLE'S fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
E. WALLER, *To a Lady Singing a Song of his Composing.*

— So the struck EAGLE, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
BYRON, *English Bards.*

**Ear.**—One EARE it heard, at the other out it went.
CHAUCER, *Troilus and Creseide.*

**Ears.**—Heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears.
2 *Timothy*, iv. 3.

**Earth.**—Alas! for love if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O EARTH!—HEMANS, *Graves of a Household.*

— EARTH, lie gently on their aged bones.—S. MAY.

— Lie heavy on him, EARTH! For he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.
*Epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh.*

— EARTH has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
MOORE, *Come ye Disconsolate.*

— EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood.—SHELLEY, *Alastor.*

— EARTH, air, and ocean, glorious three.
R. MONTGOMERY, *Woman.*

**Ease.**—Shall I not take mine EASE in mine inn?
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**El Dorado.**—[Sp., *the Golden Land.*] A name given by the Spaniards to an imaginary country, supposed, in the 16th century, to be situated in the interior of South America, between the Rivers Orinoco and Amazon, and abounding in gold and all manner of precious stones. Expeditions were fitted out for the purpose of discovering this fabulous region; and, though all such attempts proved abortive, the rumours of its existence continued to be believed down to the beginning of the 18th century.

— In short, the whole comedy is a sort of EL DORADO of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.—MOORE.

**Elia.**—A pseudonym under which Charles Lamb wrote a series of celebrated essays, which were begun in the "London Magazine," and were afterwards collected and published by themselves.

— Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet a while;
Again shall ELIA'S smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?—LANDOR.

— He is also the true ELIA, whose essays are extant in a little volume published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name withoui a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own.—C. LAMB, *Autobiographical Sketch*, 1827.

**Emerald Isle.**—A name sometimes given to Ireland on account of the peculiar bright green look of the surface of the country. It was first used by Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820), author of "Glendalough, and other poems." It occurs in his poem entitled "Erin."

— When Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood,
God blessed the green island: he saw it was good.
The EMERALD of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.

. . . . . .

Arm of Erin, prove strong: but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, still be ready to save:
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the EMERALD ISLE.

**Empty.**—My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very EMPTY heads.
BACON, *Apophthegms.*

— Often the cockloft is EMPTY in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.—T. FULLER, *Andronicus.*

**End.**—The END must justify the means.—PRIOR, *Hans Carvel.*

**Ends.**—There's a divinity that shapes our ENDS,
Rough-hew them how we will—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Enemy.**—O that men should put an ENEMY in their mouths, to steal away their brains!—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

**Enough.**—ENOUGH is good as a feast.
RAY, *Proverbs.* BICKERSTAFF, *Love in a Village.*

**Engineer.**—For 'tis the sport to have the ENGINEER
Hoist with his own petard.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**England.**—Be ENGLAND what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.
CHURCHILL, *The Farewell.*

— ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country!—COWPER, *Task.*

— Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If ENGLAND to itself do rest but true.
SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

— This ENGLAND never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.—*Ibid.*

— This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this ENGLAND.
*Ibid.*, *Richard II.*

**English.**—Here will be an old abusing of . . . the king's ENGLISH.
*Ibid.*, *Merry Wives.*

**Ensign.**—Th' imperial ENSIGN, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Envy.**—Base ENVY withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
THOMSON, *The Seasons.*

— ENVY is a kind of praise.—GAY.

— ENVY will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Envy.**—ENVY, eldest-born of hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life;
Puny impiety! Whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain:
*Millions*, a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?—Bishop PORTEOUS.

**Epitaph.**—Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my EPITAPH: no man can write my epitaph.
ROBERT EMMETT.

— Believe a woman or an EPITAPH,
Or any other thing that's false.—BYRON, *English Bards.*

**Equity.**—EQUITY is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience.—SELDEN, *Table Talk.*

**Equivocation.**—How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or EQUIVOCATION will undo us.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— To doubt the EQUIVOCATION of the fiend,
That lies like truth: Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Err.**—To ERR is human, to forgive divine.—POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Error.**—ERRORS like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
DRYDEN, *All for Love.*

— It is much easier to meet with ERROR than to find truth; error is on the surface, and can be more easily met with; truth is hid in great depths, the way to seek does not appear to all the world.—GOETHE.

**Eternal City, The.**—A popular and very ancient designation of Rome, which was fabled to have been built under the favour and immediate direction of the gods. The expression, or its equivalent, frequently occurs in classic authors, as Livy, Tibullus, Quintilian, &c. In the Æneid, Virgil, following the received tradition, represents Jupiter as holding the following language to Venus, in reference to the Romans, who were supposed to be the descendants of her son Æneas:—

> To them no bounds of empire I assign,
> No term of years to their IMMORTAL line.—DRYDEN, *Trans.*

**Eternity.**—ETERNITY, whose end no eye can reach.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Evening.**— EVENING came.
The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light
Across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrews
In Egypt, smote the rivers, brooks, and ponds,
And they became as blood.—LONGFELLOW.

— Now came still EVENING on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Events.**—'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming EVENTS cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL'S *Lochiel's Warning.*

**Everyone.**—EVERYONE is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—*Don Quixote.*

**Evil.**—EVIL is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.—HOOD, *The Lady's Dream.*

— Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The EVIL that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— From seeming EVIL still educing good.—THOMSON, *Hymn.*

— Of two EVILS, the less is always to be chosen.
*Imitation of Christ.*

**Evil.**—One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral EVIL and of good,
Than all the sages can.—WORDSWORTH, *Tables Turned.*

— So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
EVIL, be thou my good.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— There is some soul of goodness in things EVIL,
Would men observingly distil it out.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Example.**—EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept. People look at my six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.
REV. R. CECIL.

**Excess.**—To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous EXCESS.—SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

**Exile.**—There came to the beach a poor EXILE of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill!
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
CAMPBELL, *The Exile of Erin.*

**Expectation.**—Oft EXPECTATION fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.—SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— 'Tis EXPECTATION makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
Sir J. SUCKLING, *Against Fruition.*

**Experience.**—EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.—B. FRANKLIN.

— EXPERIENCE does take dreadfully high school-wages, but he teaches like no other.—T. CARLYLE.

— I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than EXPERIENCE to make me sad.—SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

— Long EXPERIENCE made him sage.
GAY, *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

**Extremes.**—EXTREMES in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use.—POPE, *Moral Essays.*

**Eye.**—All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd EYE.
*Ibid.*, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Eye.**—An unforgiving EYE, and a damned disinheriting countenance.
SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal.*

— The harvest of a quiet EYE,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.
WORDSWORTH, *A Poet's Epitaph.*

**Eyes.**—EYES that droop like summer flowers.—L. E. L.

— Her EYES are homes of silent prayer.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

## F.

**Face.**—He had a FACE like a benediction.
CERVANTES, *Don Quixote.*

— Her FACE is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
Sir JOHN SUCKLING, *Brennoralt.*

— There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the FACE.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— FACES are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time, and are much less likely to deceive us.—LAVATER.

— Sea of upturned FACES.—Sir W. SCOTT, *Rob Roy.* DANIEL WEBSTER, *Speech, Sept.* 1842.

**Facts.**—FACTS are stubborn things.—SMOLLETT, *Trans. Gil Blas.*

— But FACTS are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed.—BURNS, *A Dream.*

— The right honourable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his FACTS.
SHERIDAN, *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.*

**Fail.**—*Macb.* If we should FAIL,—
*Lady M.* We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—FAIL.—LYTTON, *Richelieu.*

**Failings.**—And e'en his FAILINGS lean'd to virtue's side.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Faint.**—FAINT heart ne'er won fair lady.—BRITAIN, *Ida.* KING, *Orpheus and Eurydice.* BURNS, *To Dr. Blacklock.* COLMAN, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths.*

**Faith.**—His FAITH, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.
COWLEY, *On Crashaw.*

— In FAITH and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— O welcome pure-ey'd FAITH, white-handed Hope.
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!—MILTON.

— Perplex'd in FAITH, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of FAITH, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets.*

**Faithful.**—So spake the seraph Abdiel, FAITHFUL found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Fallen.**—FALLEN, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.—DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

**False.**—But all was FALSE and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— FALSE as dicers' oaths.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Falsehood.**—A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside FALSEHOOD hath!
*Ibid.*, *Merchant of Venice.*

— Had I a heart for FALSEHOOD framed,
I ne'er could injure you.—SHERIDAN, *The Duenna.*

— Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no FALSEHOOD can endure
Touch of celestial temper.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Fame.**—FAME is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slit the thin-spun life.—*Ibid.*, *Lycidas.*

**Fame.**—Above all Greek, above all Roman FAME.—POPE'S *Horace.*

— All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to FAME.
*Ibid.*, *Dunciad.*

— Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where FAME'S proud temple shines afar?
BEATTIE, *The Minstrel.*

— Better than FAME is still the wish for fame,
The glorious training for a glorious strife.—LYTTON.

— FAME is no plant that grows on mortal soil.—MILTON, *Lycidas.*

— Folly loves the martyrdom of FAME.
BYRON, *Death of Sheridan.*

— Men the most infamous are fond of FAME,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.
CHURCHILL, *The Author.*

— Nor FAME I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
POPE, *Windsor Forest.*

— Nothing can cover his high FAME, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

— The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in FAME the pious fool that raised it.
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III.*

— The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest FAME, than shedding seas of gore.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— The perfume of heroic deeds.—SOCRATES.

— Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest FAME, or grant me none!
POPE, *Windsor Forest.*

— What is the end of FAME? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— What rage for FAME attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.—Dr. J. WOLCOTT.

— What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?—COWLEY, *The Motto.*

**Familiarly.**—Talks as FAMILIARLY of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

**Families.**—Great FAMILIES of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.
DEFOE, *True-Born Englishman.*

**Famous.**—I awoke one morning and found myself FAMOUS.
BYRON, *Memorials by Moore.*

**Fancy.**—Bright-eyed FANCY, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
GRAY, *Progress of Poesy.*

— Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter FANCY.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Far.**—FAR as the solar walk or milky way.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Farewell.**—FARE thee WELL! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.—BYRON, *Fare thee well.*

— FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

— FAREWELL! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— FAREWELL!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
*Ibid.*, *The Corsair.*

— FAREWELL, happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail, horrors; hail.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

† FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
BYRON, *Farewell! if ever.*

— I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—FAREWELL!—farewell!—*Ibid.*

O, now, for ever,
FAREWELL the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
SHAKESPERE, Othello.

**Farewell.**—The bitter word which closed all earthly friendships, and finished every feast of love,—FAREWELL.

POLLOK, *The Course of Time.*

**Fasten.**—FASTEN him as a nail in a sure place.—*Isaiah*, xxii. 23.

**Fat.**—Who drives FAT oxen should himself be fat.

BOSWELL, *Johnson.*

**Fata Morgana.**—The name of a potent fairy, celebrated in the tales of chivalry, and in the romantic poems of Italy. She was a pupil of the enchanter Merlin, and the sister of Arthur, to whom she discovered the intrigue of Queen Guinevere with Lancelot of the Lake. In the "Orlando Inamorato" of Bojardo, she appears at first as a personification of Fortune, inhabiting a splendid residence at the bottom of a lake, and dispensing all the treasures of the earth; but she is afterwards found in her proper station, subject, with the other fairies and the witches, to the all-potent Demogorgon.

At the present day, the appellation of FATA MORGANA is given to a strange meteoric phenomenon, nearly allied to the mirage, witnessed, in certain states of the tide and weather, in the Straits of Messina, between Calabria and Sicily, and occasionally, though rarely, on other coasts. It consists in the appearance, in the air over the surface of the sea, of multiplied inverted images of objects on the surrounding coasts, —groves, hills, and towers,—all represented as in a moving picture. The spectacle is popularly supposed to be produced by the fairy whose name is given to it.

**Fate.**—A few seem favourites of FATE,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.—BURNS, *Man was Made to Mourn.*

— Ask me no more; thy FATE and mine are seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

— Heaven from all creatures hides the book of FATE.

POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— And binding nature fast in FATE,
Let free the human will.—*Ibid.*, *Universal Prayer.*

— Perish the thought! No, never be it said
That FATE itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain;
Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III.*

**Father.**—FATHER of all! in every age
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.—POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

— Her FATHER lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

— If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his FATHER dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.—*Johnsoniana.*

— It is a wise FATHER that knows his own child.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My FATHER made them all!"
COWPER, *The Task.*

**Fathom.**—Full FATHOM five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

**Fault.**—And, oftentimes, excusing of a FAULT
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.—*Ibid., King John.*

— Condemn the FAULT, and not the actor of it.
*Ibid., Measure for Measure.*

— He that does one FAULT at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.—WATTS, *Song* XV.

— Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A FAULT which needs it most grows two thereby.
HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

**Faults.**—They say, best men are moulded out of FAULTS.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Faultless.**—Whoever thinks a FAULTLESS piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Favourite.**—A FAVOURITE has no friend.—GRAY.

**Fear.**—Early and provident FEAR is the mother of safety.
ED. BURKE.

— FEAR is the mother of safety.—Sir H. TAYLOR.

— FEAR God. Honour the King.—1 *Peter*, ii. 17.

— FEAR guides more to their duty than gratitude; for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehension of punishment.
GOLDSMITH.

— O, FEAR not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.—LONGFELLOW, *The Light of the Stars.*

**Fears.**— Present FEARS
Are less than horrible imaginings.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Feast.**—A FEAST of fat things.—*Isaiah*, xxv. 6.

**Feather in your Cap.**—*A success or triumph.* The feather has always been used as an emblem of rank as well as ornament. Latham states that, amongst some wild Indian tribes, every warrior who kills an enemy puts a feather into his cap for each victim.

**Features.**—FEATURES—the great soul's apparent seat.
W. C. BRYANT.

**Feet.**—Her FEET beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.—Sir J. SUCKLING.

— Her pretty FEET, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bopeep,
Did soon draw in again.—ROBERT HERRICK.

**Fie, foh, fum.**— FIE, FOH, and FUM,
I smell the blood of a British man.—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

**Fields.**—His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green FIELDS.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

***Fight.***—FIGHT the good fight.—1 *Timothy*, vi. 12.

**Fight.**—That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again FIGHT an other daie.—ERASMUS, *Apothegms.*

— For those that fly may FIGHT again,
Which he can never do that's slain.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Fights.**—He that FIGHTS and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.—RAY, *History of the Rebellion.*

— For he who FIGHTS and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
*The Art of Poetry, Edited by* O. GOLDSMITH (?).

**Fine.**—That air and harmony of shape express,
FINE by degrees and beautifully less.—PRIOR, *Henry and Emma.*

**Fire.**—A little FIRE is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
SHAKSPERE, *Henry VI.*

**Firmament.**—The spacious FIRMAMENT on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.—ADDISON, *Ode.*

**First.**—To the memory of the man, FIRST in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.
General LEE, *Eulogy on Washington.*

**Fish.**—Neither FISH nor flesh, nor good red herring.—Sir H. SHEERS, *Satyr on the Sea Officers.* TOM BROWN, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter.* DRYDEN, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

**Fishes.**—3 *Fisherman.* Master, I marvel how the FISHES live in the sea.
1 *Fisherman.* Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.—SHAKESPERE, *Pericles.*

**Fits.**—'Twas sad by FITS, by starts 'twas wild.
COLLINS, *The Passions.*

**Flatterers.**— By FLATTERERS besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

— When FLATTERERS meet, the Devil goes to dinner.—DEFOE.

**Flattery.**—FLATTERY is the bellows blows up sin.
SHAKESPERE, *Pericles.*

— Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds.—PRIOR.

**Flattery.**—'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That FLATTERY'S the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—SWIFT, *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

**Flea.**—So, naturalists observe, a FLEA
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*—*Ibid.*, *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

**Fleas.**—Great FLEAS have little fleas
Upon their backs, to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum.*—LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

**Flesh.**—O FLESH, flesh, how art thou fishified!
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— O, that this too, too solid FLESH would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Flirtation.**—I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "FLIRTATION," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world.—CHESTERFIELD, *The World.*

**Flower.**—And 'tis my faith that every FLOWER
Enjoys the air it breathes.—WORDSWORTH, *Early Spring.*

**Flowers.**—Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the FLOWERS, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
LONGFELLOW, *Flowers.*

**Flying Dutchman.**—The name given by sailors to a phantom ship, supposed to cruise in storms off the Cape of Good Hope. According to tradition, a Dutch captain, bound home from the Indies, met with long-continued head-winds and heavy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, and refused to put back as he was advised to do, swearing a very profane oath that he would beat round the Cape, if he had to beat there until the Day of Judgment. He was taken at his word, and doomed to beat against head-winds all his days. His sails are believed to have become threadbare, and his ship's sides white with age, and himself and crew reduced almost to shadows. He cannot heave-to, or lower a boat, but sometimes hails vessels through his trumpet, and requests them to take letters home for him. The superstition has its origin, probably, in the looming, or apparent suspension in the air, of some ship out of sight—a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

**Foe.**—He makes no friend who never made a FOE.—TENNYSON.

**Foemen.**—The stern joy which warriors feel
In FOEMEN worthy of their steel.—SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake.*

**Fool.**—At thirty, man suspects himself a FOOL;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— Be wise with speed;
A FOOL at forty is a fool indeed.—*Ibid.*, *Love of Fame.*

— Every FOOL will be meddling.—*Proverbs*, xx. 3.

— No creature smarts so little as a FOOL.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

— They FOOL me to the top of my bent.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— In this FOOL'S Paradise he drank delight.
CRABBE, *The Borough.*

**Fools.**—FOOLS admire, but men of sense approve.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— FOOLS make feasts, and wise men eat them.—B. FRANKLIN.

— FOOLS rush in where angels fear to tread.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— The Paradise of FOOLS, to few unknown.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
*Des.* To do what?
*Iago.* To suckle FOOLS, and chronicle small beer.
*Des.* O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

**Foot.**—My FOOT is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
SCOTT, *Rob Roy.*

**Force.**— Who overcomes
By FORCE, hath overcome but half his foe.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Forefathers.**—Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude FOREFATHERS of the hamlet sleep.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Forgave.**—A coward never FORGAVE. It is not in his nature.—STERNE.

**Forgiveness.**—FORGIVENESS to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
DRYDEN, *Conquest of Granada.*

**Forlorn Hope.**—*The leading company in an attack.* From the German *Verloren haufe*—lost troop or band.

**Fortune.**—FORTUNE! if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak' a' the rest;
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs the best.—BURNS, *Scotch Drink.*

— When FORTUNE means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

**Fragments.**—Gather up the FRAGMENTS that remain, that nothing be lost.—*John*, vi. 12.

**Frailty.**—FRAILTY! thy name is woman.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**France.**—"They order," I said, "this matter better in FRANCE."
STERNE, *Sentimental Journey.*

**Free.**—Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be FREE, themselves must strike the blow?
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Sufficient to have stood, though FREE to fall.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— We must be FREE or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespere spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets.*

**Freedom.**—FREEDOM'S battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.—BYRON, *The Giaour.*

— Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
FREEDOM to worship God.
MRS. HEMANS, *The Pilgrim Fathers.*

— This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For FREEDOM only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.
J. Q. ADAMS, *Written in an Album.*

— Yet, FREEDOM! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have FREEDOM in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.—RICHARD LOVELACE, *To Althea.*

**Freeman.**—He is the FREEMAN whom the truth makes free.
COWPER, *The Task.*

— He was the FREEMAN whom the truth made free;
Who, first of all, the bands of Satan broke;
Who broke the bands of sin, and for his soul,
In spite of fools consulted seriously.
POLLOK, *Course of Time.*

**Freemen.**—Corrupted FREEMEN are the worst of slaves.—GARRICK.

**Friend.**—A faithful FRIEND is the true image of the Deity.
NAPOLEON I.

— A FRIEND loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.
*Proverbs*, xvii. 17.

— A FRIEND should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— Faithful are the wounds of a FRIEND.—*Proverbs*, xxvii. 6.

— Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *candid* FRIEND!
G. CANNING, *New Morality.*

— There is no man so friendless but that he can find a FRIEND sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.—LYTTON.

— Mine own familiar FRIEND.—*Psalm* lv. 14.

— Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name the FRIEND.
Dr. JOHNSON, *Verses on Levet.*

— The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a FRIEND, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.—COWPER, *Friendship.*

**Friends.**—Alas! they had been FRIENDS in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.—COLERIDGE, *Christabel.*

— Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The FRIENDS thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— He cast off his FRIENDS, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation.*

**Friends.**—I would not enter on my list of FRIENDS
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER, *The Task.*

— Old FRIENDS are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—SELDEN, *Table Talk.*

**Friendship.**—FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!—BLAIR, *The Grave.*

— A generous FRIENDSHIP no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
POPE, *Homer's Iliad.*

— What is FRIENDSHIP but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?—GOLDSMITH, *The Hermit.*

**Fudge, Mr.**—A contemptuous designation bestowed upon any absurd or lying writer or talker.

— There was, sir, in our time, one Captain FUDGE, commander of a merchantman, who upon his return from a voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home to his owners a good cargo of *lies*, insomuch that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, "You Fudge it."
*Remarks upon the Navy* (London, 1700).

— With a due respect to their antiquity, and the unchanged reputation always attached to the name, we have long held in high consideration the ancient family of FUDGES. Some of them, as we know, have long resided in England, and have been ever ready to assist in her domestic squabbles and political changes. But their favourite place of residence we understand to be in Ireland. Their usual modes of expression, indeed, are akin to the figurative talk of the Emerald islanders.—*British and Foreign Review.*

**Future.**—Trust no FUTURE, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!—LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

## G.

**Galled Jade.**—Let the GALLED JADE wince, our withers are unwrung.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Gath.**—Tell it not in GATH.—2 *Samuel*, i. 20.

**Gem.**—Full many a GEM of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Gentleman.**—And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of GENTLEMAN,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest GENTILMAN.
CHAUCER, *The Wife of Bath's Tale.*

— He is GENTIL that doth gentil deeds.—*Ibid.*

— The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true GENTLEMAN that ever breathed.
T. DEKKER, *The Honest Whore.*

— Of the offspring of the GENTILMAN Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne.
JULIANA BERNERS, *Heraldic Blazonry.*

**Gentlemen.**—His tribe were God Almighty's GENTLEMEN.
DRYDEN, *Absalom.*

— Like two single GENTLEMEN, rolled into one.
G. COLMAN, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

**Ghost.**—There needs no GHOST, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— Vex not his GHOST; O, let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.—*Ibid.*, *King Lear.*

**Giants.**—There were GIANTS in the earth in those days.—*Genesis*, vi. 4.

**Girdle.**—I'll put a GIRDLE round about the earth
In forty minutes.—*Ibid.*, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

**Glad.**—Often, GLAD no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.—WORDSWORTH, *The Fountain.*

**Glory.**—GLORY to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.—*Luke*, ii. 24.

— GLORY is priceless.—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a GLORY from the earth.
WORDSWORTH, *Immortality.*

— Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in GLORY's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars.
Streaming splendour through the sky.
J. MONTGOMERY, *The Battle of Alexandria.*

**Glory.**—Go where GLORY waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.—MOORE, *Irish Melodies.*

— The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of GLORY lead but to the grave.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

— The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to GLORY, or the grave!
THOS. CAMPBELL, *Hohenlinden.*

— Who track the steps of GLORY to the grave.
BYRON, *Death of Sheridan.*

**Go.**—Stand not upon the order of your going,
But GO at once.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**God.**—All is of GOD. If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of life and death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?
LONGFELLOW, *The Two Angels.*

— Who sees with equal eye, as GOD of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**God made.**—GOD the first garden MADE, and the first city Cain.
COWLEY, *The Garden.*

— GOD MADE the country, and man made the town,
What wonder, then, that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound,
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
COWPER, *The Task.*

**Gog and Magog.**—Popular names for two colossal wooden statues in the Guildhall, London. It is thought that these renowned figures are connected with the Corinæus and Gotmagot of the Armorican chronicle quoted by Geoffrey of Monmouth. The former name has gradually sunk into oblivion, and the latter has been split by popular corruption to do duty for both.

Our Guildhall giants boast of almost as high an antiquity as the GOG AND MAGOG of the Scriptures, as they, or their living prototypes, are said to have been found in Britain by Brute, a younger son of Anthenor of Troy, who invaded Albion, and founded the city of

London, at first called Troy-novant, 3000 years ago. However the fact may have been, the two giants have been the pride of London from time immemorial. The old giants were burned in the great fire, and the new ones were constructed in 1708. They are fourteen feet high, and occupy suitable pedestals in Guildhall. There can be little doubt that these civic giants are exaggerated representatives of real persons and events.—CHAMBERS.

**Gold.**—All that glisters is not GOLD.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— All is not GOLD that glisteneth.
MIDDLETON, *A Fair Quarrel.*

— All thing, which that shineth as the GOLD
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.
CHAUCER, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale.*

— All is not GOLDE that outward sheweth bright.
LYDGATE, *On Human Affairs.*

— GOLD all is not that doth golden seem.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

— All is not GOLD that glisters.—HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— All, as they say, that glitters is not GOLD.
DRYDEN, *Hind and Panther.*

— GOLD ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.—HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

— Saint-seducing GOLD.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— For GOLD in phisike is a cordial ;
Therefore he loved gold in special.—CHAUCER, *Prologue.*

**Gone Before.**—Not lost, but GONE BEFORE.—SENECA.

— GONE BEFORE
To that unknown and silent shore.
CHARLES LAMB, *Hester.*

— Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but GONE BEFORE,—
He gathers round him.—S. ROGERS.

**Good.**—And learn the luxury of doing GOOD.—GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

— Do GOOD by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—POPE, *Horace.*

— GOOD, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Hold thou the GOOD ; define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Good.**—There is nothing either GOOD or bad, but thinking makes it so.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special GOOD doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
*Ibid., Romeo and Juliet.*

— How indestructibly the GOOD grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of evil.—CARLYLE.

— Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be GOOD,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON, *Lady Clara.*

— O yet we trust that somehow GOOD
Will be the final goal of ill.—*Ibid., In Memoriam.*

— O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the GOOD
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
SHAKESPERE, *King Richard II.*

— The GOOD are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.—S. ROGERS, *Jacqueline.*

**Goodness.**— Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful GOODNESS is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Good Old Rule.**—Because the GOOD OLD RULE
Sufficeth them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
WORDSWORTH, *Rob Roy's Grave.*

**Good Samaritan.**—Yes! you will find people ready enough to do the GOOD SAMARITAN without the oil and the twopence.—SYDNEY SMITH, *Wit and Wisdom.*

**Gorgons.**—GORGONS, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Government.**—All GOVERNMENT, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.—EDMUND BURKE.

**Grace.**—From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a GRACE beyond the reach of art.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— See, what a GRACE was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Grace of God.**—In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the GRACE OF GOD to man at length manifested.—R. HURD, *Sermons*, 1808.

**Gracious.**—The landlady and Tam grew GRACIOUS,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious.—BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

**Grateful.**— A GRATEFUL mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Gratitude.**—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the GRATITUDE of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.—WORDSWORTH, *Simon Lee.*

— The GRATITUDE of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.—SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

**Grave.**—Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From GRAVE to gay, from lively to severe.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.—TENNYSON, *A Dirge.*

— The GRAVE, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—BLAIR, *The Grave.*

— Thou art gone to the GRAVE! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb.
HEBER, *At a Funeral.*

**Graves.**—Let's talk of GRAVES, of worms, and epitaphs.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard II.*

**Great.**—Some are born GREAT, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

**Greatness.**—GREATNESS and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.—COLERIDGE, Reproof.

**Great Commoner.**—William Pitt (Earl of Chatham), a famous Parliamentary orator, and for more than thirty years (1735 to 1766) a leader in the House of Commons.

— We leave the GREAT COMMONER in the zenith of his glory.
MACAULAY.

**Great Unknown.**—A name given to the author of the "Waverley Novels," which, on their first appearance, were published anonymously.

The circumstance of Scott's having published a poem in the same year in which "Waverley" appeared, and his engagement in other literary undertakings being known, as well as the common prejudice that a poet cannot excel as a prose writer, served to avert from him for a time the suspicion of the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." The taciturnity of the few intrusted with the secret defeated all attempts to obtain direct evidence as to who was the author. From the first, however, suspicion pointed strongly towards Scott; and so many circumstances tended to strengthen it, that the disclosures from Constable's and Ballantyne's books, and his own confession, scarcely increased the moral conviction, which had long prevailed, that he was the "GREAT UNKNOWN."

**Greece.**—GREECE! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis GREECE, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.—*Ibid.*, *The Giaour.*

— Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?—*Ibid.*

— The Isles of GREECE, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.—*Ibid.*, *Don Juan.*

— The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that GREECE might still be free.—*Ibid.*

**Greek.**—Beside 'tis known he could speak GREEK
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Greek Calends.**—*Indefinite period of time.* The Romans called the first day of the month, as well as the months themselves, Calends, and hence our word, Calendar. The name Calends was not used by the Greeks; and hence the saying, when anything was indefinitely adjourned, that it was postponed to the "Greek Calends."

**Grief.**—Give sorrow words; the GRIEF that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Grief.**—GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form.
SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

— In all the silent manliness of GRIEF.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

— GRIEF best is pleased with grief's society.
SHAKESPERE, *Lucrece.*

— GRIEF still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.
CONGREVE, *The Old Bachelor.*

— GRIEF boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard II.*

— Much of GRIEF shows still some want of wit.—*Ibid.*, *Romeo.*

— None can cure their harms by wailing them.
*Ibid.*, *Richard III.*

— Every one can master a GRIEF, but he that has it.
*Ibid.*, *Much Ado.*

— Patch GRIEF with proverbs.—*Ibid.*

**Grieving.**—GRIEVING, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Grundy.**—What will Mrs. GRUNDY say?
J. MORTON, *Speed the Plough.*

**Guard dies, but never surrenders, The.**—This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant.*—FOURNIER, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

**Guest.**—For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going GUEST.—POPE, *Horace.*

— True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting GUEST.
*Ibid.*, *Homer's Odyssey.*

**Guide.**—Thou wert my GUIDE, philosopher, and friend.
*Ibid.*, *Essay on Man.*

**Guilt.**—All fear, but fear of Heaven, betrays a GUILT,
And guilt is villainy.—N. LEE.

— GUILT alone, like brain-sick frenzy in its feverish mood, fills the light air with visionary terrors, and shapeless forms of fear.
JUNIUS, *Letters.*

**Guilt.**—The GUILT being great, the fear doth still exceed.
SHAKESPEARE, *Lucrece.*

— 'They whose GUILT within their bosom lies
Imagine every eye beholds their blame.—*Ibid.*

**Guilt.**—Suspicion always haunts the GUILTY mind;
The thief fears every bush an officer.
*Ibid., Henry VI.*

**Gulf.**—A GULF profound as that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies old have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire,
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

## H.

**H.**—'Twas whispered in Heaven,
'Twas mutter'd in Hell.—C. M. FANSHAWE.

**Habit.**—HABIT, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.
ST. AUGUSTINE.

— HABIT is ten times nature.—WELLINGTON.

— HABIT and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice, and all learning, in this world.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

— How use doth breed a HABIT in a man!
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen.*

**Habits.**—Ill HABITS gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
DRYDEN, *Ovid, Metam.*

— Small HABITS well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.—HANNAH MORE, *Aloris.*

**Hail.**—HAIL, fellow, well met.—TOM BROWN, *Amusement.* SWIFT, *My Lady's Lamentation.*

— HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake.*

**Hail.**—HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from earth, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
SHELLEY, *To the Skylark.*

**Halcyon Days.**—*Peaceful, happy days.* Halcyone was the wife of Celyx, and the latter having met his death by drowning, Halcyone cast herself into the sea with the dead body, and both were transformed into the kingfisher bird. The animal lays its eggs on rocks near the sea, in calm mid-winter; and the HALCYON DAYS are, therefore, seven days before and after the winter solstice.

**Hampden.**—Some village HAMPDEN, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Hand.**—His HAND will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.—*Genesis* xvi. 12.

— O! for the touch of a vanish'd HAND,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
TENNYSON, *Break, break, break.*

**Hands.**—Seemed washing his HANDS with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.—HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg.*

**Handsome.**—HANDSOME is that handsome does.
GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield.*

**Hanging.**—HANGING was the worst use man could be put to.
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

**Happiness.**—And there is even a HAPPINESS
That makes the heart afraid.—HOOD, *Ode to Melancholy.*

— If solid HAPPINESS we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,—our home.—N. COTTON, *The Fireside.*

— O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Happy.**—How HAPPY could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away.—GAY, *Beggars' Opera.*

**Harmony.**—From HARMONY, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
DRYDEN, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

**Harp.**—Strange! that a HARP of thousand strings
Should keep so long in tune.—WATTS, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs.*

— The HARP that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.—MOORE, *The Harp that once.*

**Hater.**—A good HATER.—*Johnsoniana.*

**Have loved and lost.**—'Tis better to HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
Than never to have loved at all.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Have possessed.**—I die—but first I HAVE POSSESS'D,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.—BYRON, *The Giaour.*

**Havock.**—Cry "HAVOCK!" and let slip the dogs of war.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Hawk.**—I know a HAWK from a hand-saw.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Head.**—Off with his HEAD!—*Ibid.*, *Richard III.*

— Off with his HEAD! so much for Buckingham!
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III.*, *altered.*

— Such as take lodgings in a HEAD
That's to be let unfurnishèd.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Heads.**—Their HEADS sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.
T. FULLER, *Of Natural Fools.*

**Health.**—And he that will this HEALTH deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.—DYER, *Song.*

— Better to hunt in fields for HEALTH unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for men to mend.—DRYDEN, *Cymon.*

**Heart.**—A merry HEART goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—SHAKESPERE, *A Winter's Tale.*

**Heart.**—A millstone and the human HEART are driven ever round,
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.—LONGFELLOW, *The Restless Heart.*

— A HEART to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.
GIBBON, *Decline and Fall.*

— HEART to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.—JUNIUS, *Letter* xxxvii.

**Hearts.**—When true HEARTS lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?—MOORE, *Last Rose of Summer.*

**Heaven.**—A HEAVEN on earth.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Beholding HEAVEN and feeling hell.
MOORE, *The Fire Worshippers.*

— In hope to merit HEAVEN by making earth a hell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not HEAVEN.
MARLOWE, *Faustus.*

— HEAVEN'S ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.—SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

— Look how the floor of HEAVEN
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Hecuba.**—What's HECUBA to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Hell.**—All HELL broke loose.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— HELL is full of good meanings and wishings.
HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— HELL is paved with good intentions.—BOSWELL, *Johnson.*

— The fear o' HELL'S a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.
BURNS, *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

**Hell.**—In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon:—"In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here."—TOM BROWN, *Laconics.*

— To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions HELL to ears polite.—POPE, *Moral Essays.*

— Which way shall I fly,
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is HELL; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Help.**—God helps them that HELP themselves.
B. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

**Herbs.**—Better is a dinner of HERBS where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—*Proverbs*, xv. 17.

**Herod.**—It out-herods HEROD.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Heroes.**—Troops of HEROES undistinguished die.—ADDISON.

**Highly.**— What thou wouldst HIGHLY,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 4.

**Hills.**—Over the HILLS and far away.—GAY, *Beggars' Opera.*

**Hindrance.**—Something between a HINDRANCE and a help.
WORDSWORTH, *Michael.*

**History.**—HISTORY, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.
GIBBON, *Decline and Fall.*

— I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that HISTORY is philosophy teaching by examples.—BOLINGBROKE, *On History.*

**Hobgoblin.**—A name formerly given to the merry spirit usually called *Puck*, or *Robin Goodfellow.*

Those that HOBGOBLIN call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
SHAKESPERE.

**Hob-Nob.**—*Companionship on easy terms.* HOB to warm, and HOB and NOB, as meaning the touching of the top and bottom of the glass in pledging, have been assigned as the origin; but the Shakesperean sense is give or take.

**Hobson's Choice.**—*No alternative.* Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "HOBSON'S CHOICE." —*Spectator*, No. 509.

**Hocus-Pocus.**—*Legerdemain.* According to Tillotson, this is a corruption of *hoc est corpus*, as used in the service of the Mass.

**Hog.**—The fattest HOG in Epicurus' sty.—W. MASON, *Heroic Epistle.*

**Holidays.**—If all the year were playing HOLIDAYS,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

**Home.**—The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal HOME.
E. WALLER, *Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

— 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near HOME;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like HOME.
J. H. PAYNE, from the opera of *Clari.*

— Our wives are as comely;
And our HOME is still home, be it ever so homely.—C. DIBDIN.

**Homeless.**—And HOMELESS near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
WORDSWORTH, *Guilt and Sorrow.*

**Homer.**—Read HOMER once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
SHEFFIELD, *Duke of Buckingham.*

— Seven cities warr'd for HOMER being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.
T. HEYWOOD, *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

— Seven wealthy towns contend for HOMER dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.—ANON.

**Honest.**—To be HONEST as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

**Honesty.**—HONESTY is the best policy.—*Don Quixote.* BYRON, *The Nimmers.*

— HONESTY is the best policy. But he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—Archbishop WHATELEY.

— HONESTY'S a fool, and loses that it works for.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

— No legacy is so rich as HONESTY.—*Ibid.*, *All's Well.*

**Honey-dew.**—He on HONEY-DEW hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.—COLERIDGE, *Kubla Khan.*

**Honour.**—HONOUR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— HONOUR pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore. I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.—SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*

— HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.—*Ibid.*, *Tempest.*

— If I lose mine HONOUR I lose myself.—*Ibid.*, *Antony and Cleo.*

— Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds HONOUR far more precious dear than life.—*Ibid.*, *Pericles.*

— Take HONOUR from me and my life is done.
*Ibid.*, *Richard II.*

— That chastity of HONOUR which felt a stain like a wound.
ED. BURKE.

**Hookey Walker.**—The popular name of a Londoner, whose real name was *John* Walker, and who often forms a subject of allusion when the testimony of a person of tried and well-known veracity is impeached.

"John Walker was an out-door clerk at Longman, Clementi, & Co.'s, in Cheapside, where a great number of persons were employed; and 'Old Jack,' who had a crooked or hooked nose, occupied the post of *a spy* upon their aberrations, which were manifold. Of course it was *for the interest of* the surveillants [*sic*] to throw discredit upon all

Jack's reports to the head of the firm; and numbers could attest that those reports were fabrications, however true. Jack, somehow or other, was constantly outvoted, his evidence superseded, and of course disbelieved; and thus his occupation ceased, but not the fame of 'HOOKEY WALKER.'"—JON BEE (*i.e.*, JOHN BADCOCK).

**Hope.**—HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick.—*Proverbs* xiii. 12.

— HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

— HOPE springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— For HOPE is but the dream of those that wake.—PRIOR.

— The miserable have no other medicine,
But only HOPE.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

— HOPE! thou nurse of young desire.—BICKERSTAFF.

— HOPE to the end.—1 *Peter*, i. 13.

— HOPE withering fled, and Mercy sighed Farewell!
BYRON, *The Corsair.*

— The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on HOPE relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.—GOLDSMITH, *The Captivity.*

— HOPE, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.—*Ibid.*

— Thus heavenly HOPE is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
HEBER, *On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

— True HOPE is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

— Where peace
And rest can never dwell, HOPE never comes,
That comes to all.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— While there is life there's HOPE, he cried.
GAY, *The Sick Man.*

**Horrors.**— And my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with HORRORS.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Horse.**—A HORSE! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
*Ibid.*, *Richard III.*

— To look a gift HORSE in the mouth.—RABELAIS. BUTLER, *Hudibras. Also quoted by* ST. JEROME.

**Hospitable.**—So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on HOSPITABLE thoughts intent.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Hospitality.**—HOSPITALITY grows best where it is most needed.
HUGH MILLER.

— Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.
SHAKESPERE, *Comedy of Errors.*

— Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—*Hebrews* xiii. 2.

**Hour.**—It is the HOUR when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.—BYRON, *Parisina.*

— Some wee short HOUR ayont the twal.
BURNS, *Death and Dr. Hornbook.*

**Hours.**—Seven HOURS to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.—SIR W. JONES.

— What peaceful HOURS I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.—COWPER, *Walking with God.*

**House.**—A man's HOUSE is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*—SIR E. COKE, *Third Institute.*

— The HOUSE of everyone is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.
*Ibid.*, *Semayne's Case.*

**Huggins and Muggins.**—A jocular embodiment of vulgar pretension.

— Whitford and Mitford joined the train,
HUGGINS AND MUGGINS from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
*Before* the plug was found.—*Rejected Addresses.*

**Huggins and Muggins.**—It has been suggested that these names are a corruption of *Hooge en Mogende* (high and mighty), words occurring in the style of the States-General of Holland, much ridiculed by English writers of the latter part of the 17th century, as, for example, in the following couplet:—

> But I have sent him for a token
> To your Low-Country HOGEN MOGEN.
> *Hudibras.*

— Although we have never felt the least inclination to indulge in conjectural etymology, we cannot refrain, for once, from noticing the curious coincidence between the name of Odin's ravens, Hugin and Munin, Mind and Memory, and those two personages who figure so often in our comic literature as Messrs. HUGGINS AND MUGGINS.—BLACKWELL.

**Humanity.**— Hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of HUMANITY.
WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey.*

**Humility.**—HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—SELDEN, *Table Talk.*

**Hundredth Psalm.**— The musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the HUNDREDTH PSALM, the grand old Puritan anthem;
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the psalmist;
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
LONGFELLOW, *Miles Standish.*

**Hurt.**—*Rom.* Courage man; the HURT cannot be much,
*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough.—SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Husband.**— She's adorned
Amply that in her HUSBAND'S eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.—JOHN TOBIN, *The Honeymoon.*

— She who ne'er answers till a HUSBAND cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

**Hypocrisy.**—HYPOCRISY is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.
ROCHEFOUCAULD.

— HYPOCRISY is the necessary burden of villainy.—DR. JOHNSON.

— Some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, millions of mischiefs.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

## I.

**Idle.**—As IDLE as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

— Satan finds some mischief still
For IDLE hands to do.—WATTS, *Divine Songs.*

**Idleness.**—Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of IDLENESS.—POPE, *The Dunciad.*

**Idler.**—An IDLER is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.—COWPER, *Retirement.*

**If.**—Your IF is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *if.*
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Ignorance.**—From IGNORANCE our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise.—PRIOR, *To Montague.*

— IGNORANCE is the curse of God: knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

— Where IGNORANCE is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

**Ill got.**—Things ILL GOT had ever bad success,
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

**Imagination.**—The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of IMAGINATION all compact.—*Ibid.*, *Mid. Night's Dream.*

— O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare IMAGINATION of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.—*Ibid.*, *Richard II.*

— The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as IMAGINATION bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.—*Ibid.*, *Mid. Night's Dream.*

**Imitated Humanity.**—I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they IMITATED HUMANITY so abominably.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Imitation.**—IMITATION is the sincerest flattery.—COLTON, *Lacon.*

**Immortal.**—Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that IMMORTAL sea
Which brought us hither.—WORDSWORTH, *Immortality.*

**Immortality.**—It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after IMMORTALITY?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where?—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid'st the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.—ADDISON, *Cato.*

**Impeachment.**—I own the soft IMPEACHMENT. (Mrs. Malaprop.)
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals.*

**Inactivity.**—The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly INACTIVITY.—Sir J. MACKINTOSH.

**Inch.**—Give an INCH, he'll take an ell.—JOHN WEBSTER, *Sir Thomas Wyatt.* HOBBES, *Liberty and Necessity.*

**Inconstancy.**—INCONSTANCY falls off ere it begins.—SHAKESPERE.

**Ind.**—A poetical contraction for India.

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of IND.
> . . . . . .
> Satan exalted sat.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Indemnity.**—INDEMNITY for the past and security for the future.
PITT.

**Independence.**—Thy spirit, INDEPENDENCE, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
SMOLLET, *Ode to Independence.*

— Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our INDEPENDENCE.—POPE, *Letters.*

**Indolence.**—Enjoyment stops where INDOLENCE begins.
POLLOK, *Course of Time.*

— The mother of misery.—BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

**Infant.**— What am I?
An INFANT crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Inhumanity.**—Man's INHUMANITY to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
BURNS, *Man was made to mourn.*

**Inn.**—Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an INN.—SHENSTONE.

**Innocent.**—Oh keep me INNOCENT, make others great!
CAROLINE OF DENMARK.

**Innumerable.**—INNUMERABLE as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Intellect.**—The march of INTELLECT.—SOUTHEY, *Colloquies.*

— The march of INTELLECT, which licks all the world into shape, has even reached the Devil.—GOETHE, *Correspondence.*

**Intentions.**—Good INTENTIONS are, at least, the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the seasons whether they come up or no, and whether he or any other *gather the* fruit.—SIR W. TEMPLE.

**ntercourse.**—Speed the soft INTERCOURSE from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.—POPE, *Eloisa.*

**Iron.**—Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold IRON!—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— IRON sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 17.

— IRON sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.—GRAY, *The Fatal Sisters.*

— The IRON entered into his soul.—*Psalm* cv., 18.—STERNE, *Sentimental Journey.*

**Iron Duke.**—A familiar title given to the Duke of Wellington. According to the Rev. G. R. Gleig, this sobriquet arose out of the building of an iron steamboat, which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owners called the "Duke of Wellington." The term IRON DUKE was first applied to the vessel; and by-and-by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was transferred to the Duke himself. It had no reference whatever, at the outset, to any peculiarities or assumed peculiarities, in his disposition; though, from the popular belief that he never entertained a generous feeling toward the masses, it is sometimes understood as a figu·ative allusion to his supposed hostility to the interests of the lower orders.

**Ironsides.**—A name given to the English soldiers who served under Cromwell at Marston Moor, on account of the great victory they there gained over the royalist forces, a victory which gave them a world-wide renown for invincible courage and determination.

**Island.**—O, it's a snug little ISLAND!
A right little, tight little island!—THOS. DIBDIN.

**Ivy.**—Oh, a dainty plant is the IVY green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.—DICKENS, *Pickwick.*

## J.

**Jack-in-the-Green.**—A character—a puppet—in the May-day games of England. Dr. Owen Pugh says that JACK-IN-THE-GREEN, on May-day, was once a pageant representing Melva, or Melvas, king of the county now called Somersetshire, disguised in green boughs, as he lay in ambush to steal King Arthur's wife, as she went out hunting.

**Jack-in-the-Green.**—Yesterday, being May-day, the more secluded parts of the metropolis were visited by JACK-IN-THE-GREEN, and the usual group of grotesque attendants.—*Times*, 1844.

**Jealous.**— Trifles, light as air,
Are to the JEALOUS confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

**Jealousy.**— Nor JEALOUSY
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— O, beware, my lord, of JEALOUSY;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

**Jehu.**—Like the driving of JEHU the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.—2 *Kings* ix. 20.

**Jeremy Diddler.**—A character in Kenny's farce of "Raising the Wind," who is represented as a needy and seedy individual, always contriving by his songs, bon-mots, or other expedients, to borrow money or obtain credit.

**Jest.**—A JEST'S prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.—SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour.*

— Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
JEST, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles.—MILTON, *L'Allegro.*

— Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful JEST.—DR. JOHNSON, *London.*

**Jew.**—This is the JEW
That Shakespere drew.

**Joke.**—A college JOKE to cure the dumps.
SWIFT, *Cassimus and Peter.*

— And gentle dulness ever loves a JOKE.—POPE, *Dunciad.*

**Joy.**—JOY is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice!
And then flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light.—COLERIDGE, *Dejection.*

— Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of JOY or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.
MRS. GREVILLE.

**Joy.**—Still from the fount of JOY'S delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— There's not a JOY the world can give like that it takes away.
*Ibid.*, *There's not a joy.*

**Judge.**—If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent JUDGE.—WALTON, *Angler.*

— The cold neutrality of an impartial JUDGE.—ED. BURKE.

**Judgment.**—O JUDGMENT! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Judgments.**—'Tis with our JUDGMENTS as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So, in our very JUDGMENTS.—SIR J. SUCKLING, *Aglaura.*

**Jury.**—In my mind he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing TWELVE GOOD MEN INTO A BOX.—LORD BROUGHAM, *Present State of the Law.*

— The JURY, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Jurymen.**—The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that JURYMEN may dine.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock.*

**Justice.**—Poetic JUSTICE, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.—*Ibid.*, *Dunciad.*

— There, take, says JUSTICE, take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.
*Ibid.*, *Windsor Forest*, *Verbatim from Boileau.*

## K.

**Ketch, Jack.**—A hangman or executioner;—commonly so called, from one JOHN KETCH, a wretch who lived in the time of James II., and made himself universally odious by the butchery of many brave and noble victims, particularly those sentenced to death by the infamous Jeffreys during the "Bloody Assizes."

**Kick.**—A KICK that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.—COWPER, *The Yearly Distress.*

**Kin.**—A little more than KIN, and less than kind.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Kind.**—A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous KIND.
DAVID GARRICK, *On Quitting the Stage.*

— Heaven in sunshine will requite the KIND.—BYRON.

**Kindness.**—KINDNESS, nobler ever than revenge.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

— Milk of human KINDNESS.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**King.**—A KING of shreds and patches.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— Ay, every inch a KING.—*Ibid.*, *King Lear.*

— God bless the KING, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,—
God bless us all,—that's quite another thing.
J. BYROM, *extempore.*

— God save our gracious KING,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.—H. CAREY.

— Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my KING, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

— Here lies our sovereign lord the KING,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Earl of ROCHESTER, *Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.*

— Not all the water in the rough, rude sea,
Can wash the balm off from an anointed KING.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard II.*

**King.**—The KING is but a man, as I am, the violet smells to him as it does to me.—SHAKESPERE.

— The KING of terrors.—*Job* xviii. 14.

— There's such divinity doth hedge a KING,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Kings.**—Kind as KINGS upon their coronation day.
DRYDEN, *The Hind and Panther.*

— KINGS are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.—SHELLEY, *Hellas.*

— KINGS may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.—BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

— KINGS will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.—ED. BURKE.

— The right divine of KINGS to govern wrong.—POPE, *Dunciad.*

**King Cole.**—Old KING COLE
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
HALLIWELL, *Nursery Rhymes of England*

— The venerable KING COLE would find few subjects here to acknowledge his monarchy of mirth.—E. P. WHIPPLE.

**King of France.**—The KING OF FRANCE, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down agen.
R. TARLTON, *From the Pigges Corantoe.*

**Knave.**—A crafty KNAVE needs no broker.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

— Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more KNAVE than fool.—MARLOWE, *Jew of Malta.*

**Knell.**—Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a KNELL
That summons thee to heaven or to hell!—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Know.**—Not to KNOW me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Knowledge.**—And all our KNOWLEDGE is ourselves to know.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— Half our KNOWLEDGE we must snatch, not take.
*Ibid.*, *Moral Essays.*

— KNOWLEDGE comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

**Knowledge.**—KNOWLEDGE is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— KNOWLEDGE is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson.*

— KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection: knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
COWPER, *The Task.*

— KNOWLEDGE is power.—BACON, *Meditations.*

— Manners must adorn KNOWLEDGE, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.—CHESTERFIELD, *Letters.*

— "The Pursuit of KNOWLEDGE under Difficulties." Title of a book by G. L. Craik, published in 1830 by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

## L.

**Labour.**—LABOUR, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.
CARLYLE.

— Love LABOUR; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic.—W. PENN.

— The LABOUR we delight in physics pain.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Ladies.**—But—oh! ye lords of LADIES intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Lads.**—Golden LADS and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.—SHAKESPERE, *Cymbeline.*

**Lake Poets, Lake School, Lakers, or Lakists.**—A nickname given by the critics, about the beginning of the present century, to "a certain brotherhood of poets"—to use the language of the Edinburgh Review, vol. xi. p. 214—who "haunted for some years about the Lakes of Cumberland," and who were erroneously thought to have united on some settled theory or principles of composition and style. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were regarded as the chief representatives of this so-called school, but Lamb, Lloyd, and Wilson were also included under the same designation.

**Lamb.**—God tempers the wind to the shorn LAMB.
STERNE, *Sentimental Journey.*

**Land.**—A LAND flowing with milk and honey.—*Exodus* iii. 8.

— Know ye the LAND where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos.*

— There is a LAND, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
. . . . . .
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.
J. MONTGOMERY, *Home.*

**Land o' Cakes.**—A name sometimes given to Scotland, because oatmeal cakes are a common national dish, particularly among the poorer classes.

— The lady loves, and admires, and worships everything Scottish; the gentleman looks down on the LAND OF CAKES like a superior intelligence.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**Land of Nod.**—The state or condition of sleep.

— "And d'ye ken, lass," said Madge, "there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the LAND OF NOD?"—Sir W. SCOTT.

— This figure is evidently borrowed from the use of the English word *nod*, as denoting the motion of the head in drowsiness. But it was also, most probably, at first employed as containing a ludicrous allusion to the language of Scripture in regard to the conduct of the first murderer: "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the LAND OF NOD."—*Genesis* iv. 16.

**Lark.**—Hark, hark! the LARK at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies!
And winking May-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes.—SHAKESPERE, *Cymbeline.*

— The raven doth not hatch a LARK.—*Ibid.*, *Titus Andronicus.*

**Lasses.**—Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work, she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the LASSES, O!
BURNS, *Green grow the Rashes.*

**Last.**—Though LAST, not least in love.—SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Late.**—Better LATE than never.—TUSSER, *Points of Husbandry.*

**Laugh.**—And if I LAUGH at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.
LAMB, *Essays.*

— They LAUGH that win.—SHAKESPERE.

— The loud LAUGH that spoke the vacant mind.—GOLDSMITH.

**Law.**—Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the LAW,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

— Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the LAW.
GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

— LAW is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything.—ARBUTHNOT.

— Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is LAW that is not reason.—Sir JOHN POWELL, *Coggs* v. *Bernard.*

— Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the LAW.—MILTON, *Tetrarchordon.*

— Of LAW there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. —HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity.*

**Law.**—The LAW is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.—MACKLIN, *Love à la Mode.*

— Where LAW ends, tyranny begins.—PITT, *Speech, Case of Wilkes.*

**Lawyers.**—A countryman between two LAWYERS is like a fish between two cats.—B. FRANKLIN.

**Lawfully.**—He that will do all that he can LAWFULLY would, if he durst, do something that is not lawful.—JEREMY TAYLOR, *Sermons.*

**Lay on.**— LAY ON, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Leaf.**—Turn over a new LEAF.—MIDDLETON, *Anything for a Quiet Life.*

**Learning.**—A little LEARNING is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.—POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— A progeny of LEARNING. (Mrs. Malaprop.)
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals.*

— LEARNING is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.—POPE, *Letters.*

**Leaves.**—Like the LEAVES of the forest when summer is green.
BYRON, *Sennacherib.*

— Thick as autumnal LEAVES that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Lender.**—The borrower is servant to the LENDER.—*Proverbs* xxii. 7.

**Length.**—A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow LENGTH along.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Let us do or die.**—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Island Princess.* BURNS, *Scots Wha hae.* CAMPBELL, *Gertrude.*

**Liar.**—Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou LIAR of the first magnitude.—CONGREVE, *Love for Love.*

— When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire—
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the LIAR.
LONGFELLOW, *Translations.*

**Libel.**—The greater the truth, the greater the LIBEL.
LORD MANSFIELD.

**Liberty.**—A day, an hour, of virtuous LIBERTY
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.—ADDISON, *Cato.*

— Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of LIBERTY'S war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.
MOORE, *Entry of the Austrians into Naples.*

— Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and LIBERTY.—POPE, *Horace.*

— He that roars for LIBERTY
Faster binds a tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.—TENNYSON, *Vision of Sin.*

— I must have LIBERTY withal.—SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

— Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me LIBERTY, or death!—PATRICK HENRY, *Speech.*

— LIBERTY'S in every blow!—BURNS, *Scots Wha hae.*

— Licence they mean when they cry LIBERTY.
MILTON, *On Detraction.*

— O LIBERTY! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!—Madame ROLAND.

— The tree of LIBERTY only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.—BARÈRE, *Speech in the Convention Nationale.*

**Library.**— My LIBRARY
Was dukedom large enough.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

**Lie.**—And after all, what is a LIE? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own LIE.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

— Some LIE beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.
PRAED, *School and Schoolfellows.*

— What is weak must LIE;
The lion needs but roar to guard his young.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

**Life.**— Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After LIFE'S fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— A man's LIFE'S no more than to say one!
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
LIFE'S a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!—DR. JOHNSON, *Winter.*

— LIFE like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.—SHELLEY, *Adonais.*

— LIFE! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."—MRS. BARBAULD, *Life.*

— LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.
J. GAY, *My own Epitaph.*

— LIFE is a shuttle.—SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives.*

— LIFE is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
*Ibid.*, *King John.*

— LIFE'S but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

— The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of LIFE increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
MRS. THRALE, *Three Warnings.*

— LIFE'S but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
BAILEY, *Festus.*

**Life.**—Nor love thy LIFE, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to Heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"LIFE is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

— The web of our LIFE is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.
—SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
Makes up LIFE'S tale to many a feeling heart!
COLERIDGE, *On taking leave of* ——.

— For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose LIFE is in the right.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his LIFE, I'm sure, was in the right.
COWLEY, *On the Death of Crashaw.*

— I have set my LIFE upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

— In the midst of LIFE we are in death.—*Church Burial Service.*

This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon, *De Morte.*

— O LIFE! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.—BURNS, *To James Smith.*

— On LIFE'S vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— When I consider LIFE, 'tis all a cheat.
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;

Lies worse; and while it says, "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
DRYDEN, *Aurungzebe.*

**Light.**—A LIGHT heart lives long.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

— And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious LIGHT.—MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

— Gospel LIGHT first dawned from Bullen's eyes.
GRAY, *Fragments.*

— Hail, holy LIGHT! offspring of heaven first-born.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— He that has LIGHT within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.—*Ibid.*, *Comus.*

— Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to LIGHT.
*Ibid.*, *Paradise Lost.*

— Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the LIGHT that led astray
Was light from heaven.—BURNS, *The Vision.*

— The LIGHT that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream.
WORDSWORTH, *Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm.*

**Lightning.**—Brief as the LIGHTNING in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
SHAKESPERE *Midsummer Night.*

**Likewise.**—Go, and do thou LIKEWISE.—*Luke* x. 37.

**Limbo, or Limbus.**—[Lat., *limbus*, a border.] A region supposed by some of the old scholastic theologians to lie on the edge or confines of hell. Here, it was thought, the souls of just men, not admitted into heaven or into purgatory, remained to await the general resurrection. Such were the patriarchs and other pious ancients who died before the birth of Christ. Hence the LIMBO was called *Limbus Patrum*. According to some of the schoolmen, there was also a *Limbus Puerorum*, or *Infantum*, a similar place

allotted to the souls of infants dying unbaptized. To these were added, in popular opinion, a *Limbus Fatuorum*, or Fool's Paradise, the receptacle of all vanity and nonsense. Of this superstitious belief Milton has made use in his "Paradise Lost." See Book III. v. 440–497. Dante has fixed his Limbo, in which the distinguished spirits of antiquity are confined, as the outermost of the circles of his hell.

**Limbs.**—Her gentle LIMBS she did undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.—COLERIDGE, *Christabel.*

**Line.**—What! will the LINE stretch out to the crack of doom?
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Linen.**—It is not LINEN you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.—HOOD, *Song of the Shirt.*

**Lines.**—The LINES are fallen unto me in pleasant places.
*Psalm* xvi. 6.

**Lips.**—Take, O, take those LIPS away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Liquor.**—You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

**Liquors.**—For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious LIQUORS in my blood.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Little.**—These LITTLE things are great to little man.
GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

**Little said.**—And I oft have heard defended
LITTLE SAID is soonest mended.—G. WITHER.

**Live.**—For we that LIVE to please must please to live.
DR. JOHNSON, *A Prologue.*

— LIVE while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
DODDRIDGE, *Epigram on his Family Arms.*

— So LIVE that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis.*

— Thus let me LIVE, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.—POPE, *Ode on Solitude.*

— Thus from the time we first begin to know,
We LIVE and learn, but not the wiser grow.—J. POMFRET.

— We LIVE in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus.*

**Lives.**—LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
LONGFELLOW, *A Psalm of Life.*

**Locks.**—Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory LOCKS at me.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

**Lodge.**—O for a LODGE in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.—COWPER, *The Task.*

**Lonely.**—So LONELY 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

**Look.**—For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring LOOK behind?
GRAY, *Elegy.*

— LOOK before you ere you leap.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— LOOK ere thou leap, see ere thou go.—TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

**Looked.**—LOOKED unutterable things.—THOMSON, *Seasons.*

**Looks.**—Her modest LOOKS the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Looks.**— LOOKS kill love,
And love by looks reviveth.—SHAKESPERE, *Venus and Adonis.*

**Lord.**—But let a LORD once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the stye refines!
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

— LORD of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.—Sir H. WOTTON.

**Lord Harry.**—A vulgar name for the devil.

— By the LORD HARRY.—SHERIDAN.

**Loss.**—That LOSS is common would not make
My own less bitter—rather more;
Too common! never morning wore
To evening but some heart did break.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Lost.**— Praising what is LOST
Makes the remembrance dear.—SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is LOST,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.—COWPER, *The Retired Cat.*

— 'Tis better to have loved and LOST
Than never to have loved at all.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— What though the field be LOST?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Lothario.**—One of the *dramatis personæ* in Rowe's tragedy, "The Fair Penitent." His character is that of a libertine and seducer. He is usually alluded to as "the gay LOTHARIO."

— Is this that haughty gallant, gay LOTHARIO?—ROWE.

**Love.**— All LOVE is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

. . . . . .

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.—SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound.*

— And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of LOVE on earth?—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**Love.**—An oyster may be crossed in LOVE.—SHERIDAN, *The Critic.*

— Better to LOVE amiss, than nothing to have loved.
CRABBE, *Tales.*

— But LOVE is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As LOVE'S young dream.—MOORE, *Love's Young Dream.*

— Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I LOVE.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do LOVE thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

— Fool, not to know that LOVE endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lover's perjury.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite.*

— For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true LOVE never did run smooth.
SHAKESPERE, *Mid. Night's Dream.*

— Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of LOVE:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.—*Ibid.*, *Much Ado.*

— Hail wedded LOVE, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Heaven has no rage like LOVE to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride.*

— He spake of LOVE, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
WORDSWORTH, *Laodamia.*

— I could not LOVE thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.—LOVELACE, *To Lucasta.*

— If there be no great LOVE in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt.—SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives.*

**Love.**—In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is LOVE.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of
LOVE.—TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

— It were all one
That I should LOVE a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.—SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: LOVE is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.—*Ibid.*, *Sonnets.*

— Let those LOVE now who never loved before,
Let those that always loved now love the more.
PARNELL, *Pervigilium Veneris.*

— LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.—KEATS, *Lamia.*

— LOVE is hurt with jar and fret;
Love is made a vain regret.
TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter.*

— LOVE is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
. . . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
SOUTHEY, *The Curse of Kehama.*

— LOVE is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, either can the floods drown it.—*Proverbs.*

— LOVE, like death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre.—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— LOVE me little, love me long.—MARLOWE, *Jew of Malta.*

— You say to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray LOVE me little so you love me long.
HERRICK, *Love me little.*

— LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

**Love.**—LOVE sought is good, but given unsought is better.
SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

— LOVE thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.—*Ibid.*, *Henry VIII.*

— LUVV? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maakin 'em goa togither, as they've good right to do.
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer: New Style.*

— Man's LOVE is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is LOVE, though oft to agony distrest
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.
WORDSWORTH, *Laodamia.*

— None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But LOVE can hope where reason would despair.
LYTTELTON, *Epigram.*

— O LOVE, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.—TENNYSON, *Fatima.*

— O, my LOVE'S like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.—BURNS, *A Red, Red Rose.*

— Oh! they LOVE least that let men know their love.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen.*

— Passing the LOVE of women.—2 *Samuel* i. 26.

— Perhaps it was right to dissemble your LOVE;
But—why did you kick me down stairs?
J. P. KEMBLE, *The Panel.*

— She never told her LOVE;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.—SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

**Love.**—Silence in LOVE bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.—Sir W. RALEIGH, *Poems.*

— The revolution that turns us all topsy-turvy—the revolution of LOVE.—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And LOVE is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake.*

— The same LOVE that tempts us into sin,
If it be true love, works out its redemption!
LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— They sin who tell us LOVE can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.—SOUTHEY, *The Curse of Kehama.*

— True LOVE'S the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

— When LOVE begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— Who LOVE too much hate in the like extreme.
POPE, *Homer's Odyssey.*

**Loved.**—Had we never LOVED sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!—BURNS, *Ae fond Kiss.*

— Who ever LOVED that loved not at first sight?
MARLOWE, *Hero and Leander.*

**Loveliness.**— LOVELINESS
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
*But is,* when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.—THOMSON, *Seasons.*

**Lover.**— The LOVER, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
SHAKESPERE, *Mid. Night's Dream.*

**Lovers.**—Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two LOVERS happy.
POPE, *Art of Sinking in Poetry.*

**Lover's eyes.**—A LOVER'S EYES will gaze an eagle blind.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

**Lover's hours.**—LOVERS' HOURS are long, though seeming short.
*Ibid.*, *Venus and Adonis.*

**Lowly.**— Verily
I swear, 'tis better to be LOWLY born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—*Ibid.*, *Henry VIII.*

**Lustre.**—I ne'er could any LUSTRE see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.—SHERIDAN, *The Duenna.*

**Luxury.**—It was a LUXURY—to be!—COLERIDGE, *Retirement.*

— For all their LUXURY was doing good.—S. GARTH, *Claremont.*

— He tried the LUXURY of doing good.—CRABBE, *Hall Tales.*

— O LUXURY! thou curst by heaven's decree.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Lyre.**— Who ran
Through each mode of the LYRE, and was master of all.
MOORE, *On the Death of Sheridan.*

## M.

**Mab.**—The name given by the English poets of the 15th and succeeding centuries to the imaginary queen of the fairies. Shakespere has given a famous description of Queen MAB in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4. The origin of the name is obscure. By some it is derived from the Midgard of the Eddas.

— O, then, I see, Queen MAB hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— MAB, the mistress fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the churning
As she please, without discerning;
She that pinches country wenches
If they rub not clean their benches,
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.—BEN JONSON.

— If ye will with MAB find grace,
Set each platter in its place;
Rake the fire up and get
Water in ere sun be set;
Sweep your house; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.—HERRICK.

— The name *Martha*, as used in Ireland, is only an equivalent for the native Erse *Meabhdh*, Meave or MAB, once a great Irish princess, who has since become the queen of the fairies: Martha, for Queen Mab!—YONGE.

**Mad.**— There is a pleasure
In being MAD which none but madmen know.
DRYDEN, *The Spanish Friar.*

— That he is MAD, 'tis true:
'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**e.**—I am fearfully and wonderfully MADE.—*Psalm* CXXXIX. 14.

**ness.**—Moody MADNESS laughing wild,
Amid severest woe.—GRAY, *Eton College.*

**Madness.**—Though this be MADNESS, yet there's method in it.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Maga.**—A popular sobriquet of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the contributors to which have embraced many of the most eminent writers of Great Britain, including Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Landor, and others. The name is a contraction of the word *Magazine.*

— On other occasions he was similarly honoured, and was invariably mentioned with praise by Wilson, the presiding genius of MAGA.—DR. SHELTON MCKENZIE.

**Mahomet.**—"If the hill will not come to MAHOMET, Mahomet will go to the hill."—LORD BACON.

**Maid.**—MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!—BYRON, *Maid of Athens.*

**Maiden.**—A simple MAIDEN in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.—TENNYSON, *Lady Clara.*

— Here's to the MAIDEN of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal.*

— MAIDENS, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Maids.**—MAIDS are May when they are maids;
But the sky changes when they are wives.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Main.**—Plac'd far amid the melancholy MAIN.
THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence.*

**Main Chance.**—Say wisely, Have a care o' th' MAIN CHANCE,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— Be careful still of the MAIN CHANCE.—DRYDEN, *Persius.*

**Malaprop, Mrs.**—A character in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals;*—noted for her blunders in the use of words. The name is obviously derived from the French *mal à propos*, unapt, ill-timed.

**Malaprop, Mrs.**—The conclusion drawn was, that Childe Harold, Byron, and the Count in Beppo, are one and the same person, thereby making me turn out to be, as MRS. MALAPROP says, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once."—BYRON.

— MRS. MALAPROP'S mistakes in what she herself calls "orthodoxy" have been often objected to as improbable from a woman in her rank of life; but though some of them, it must be owned, are extravagant and farcical, they are almost all amusing; and the luckiness of her simile, "as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile," will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly "headstrong" species of composition.—MOORE.

**Mammon.**—MAMMON, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Man.**—A brave MAN struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
POPE, *Prologue to Addison's Cato.*

— A little round fat oily MAN of God.
THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence.*

— A MAN after his own heart.—1 *Samuel* xiii. 14.

— A MAN he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

— A MAN of my kidney.—SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives.*

— A MAN so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
DRYDEN, *Absalom.*

— And all may do what has by MAN been done.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— And what have kings that privates have not too?
The king is but a MAN as I am.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Man.**—A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead MAN.—SHAKESPERE, *Comedy of Errors.*

— A nice MAN is a man of nasty ideas.—SWIFT, *Thoughts.*

— A noticeable MAN with large grey eyes.
WORDSWORTH, *Stanzas written on Thomson.*

— An honest MAN, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
COWPER, *Epistle to Hill.*

— A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest MAN'S aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.
BURNS, *A Man's a Man for a' that.*

— A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest MAN'S the noblest work of God.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest MAN'S the noblest work of God."
BURNS, *Cotter's Saturday Night.*

— Make yourself an honest MAN, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—CARLYLE.

— A sadder and a wiser MAN,
He rose the morrow morn.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

— Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of MAN;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— But MAN, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

— Give me that MAN,
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

**Man.**—God made him, and therefore let him pass for a MAN.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is MAN—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.—WORDSWORTH, *Ode.*

— He was a MAN, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— He was a MAN
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.—POLLOK, *Course of Time.*

— He was the mildest manner'd MAN
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a MAN!"
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— I could have better spared a better MAN.—*Ibid.*, *Henry IV.*

— I am a MAN
More sinn'd against than sinning.—*Ibid.*, *King Lear.*

— I've seen yon weary winter's sun,
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That MAN was made to mourn.—BURNS, *Man was made.*

— Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is MAN.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— Like leaves on trees the race of MAN is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.—*Ibid.*, *Homer's Iliad.*

— MAN delights not me,—no, nor woman either.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— MAN is a two-legged animal without feathers.—PLATO.

Plato having defined a man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said, "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad, flat nails."—DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

**Man.**—MAN is an animal that cooks his victuals.—ED. BURKE.

— MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
FLETCHER, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

— MAN is one world, and hath another to attend him.
GEO. HERBERT, *Man.*

— MAN proposes, but God disposes.—*Imitation of Christ.*

— MAN'S heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.
*Proverbs* xvi. 9.

— MAN'S inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.—BURNS, *Man was made.*

— MAN!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— MAN wants but little, nor that little long.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.—GOLDSMITH, *The Hermit.*

— Nathan said unto David, thou art the MAN.—2 *Samuel* xii. 7.

— Of MAN'S first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a MAN.—J. MONTGOMERY, *The Common Lot.*

— Press not a falling MAN too far.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

— Strive still to be a MAN before your mother.
COWPER, *Motto of No.* 3. *Connoisseur.*

— Thou wilt scarce be a MAN before thy mother.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Cure.*

— That old MAN eloquent.
MILTON, *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

**Man.**—The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
And MAN, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

— This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a MAN! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— To be a well-favoured MAN is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.—*Ibid.*, *Much Ado.*

— When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old MAN do but die?—HOOD'S *Ballads.*

— Why
Should every creature drink but I?
MAN of morals, tell me why?
COWLEY, *Imitated from Anacreon.*

**Man in the Moon.**—A name popularly given to the dark lines and spots upon the surface of the moon which are visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined with a good telescope, are discovered to be the shadows of lunar mountains. It is one of the most popular and perhaps one of the most ancient, superstitions in the world, that these lines and spots are the figure of a man leaning on a fork, on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, for stealing which, on a Sunday, he was transported to the moon. (See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1, and *Tempest*, ii. 2.) The account given in *Numbers* xv. 32, *et seq.*, of a man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks upon the Sabbath day, is undoubtedly the origin of this belief.

— I saw the MAN IN THE MOON.
DEKKER, *Old Fortunatus*, 1588.

**Man of Straw.**—*A Nonentity.* At first the term arose from scarecrows stuffed with straw. Afterwards in the Greek courts false witnesses could at all times be obtained, their distinctive feature being straw shoes. In the courts at Westminster Hall, many years ago, a similar class of miscreants could be procured, the signal for infamy being a straw in the shoe.

**Manners.**—Men's evil MANNERS live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

**Mariners.**—Ye MARINERS of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England.*

**Marriage.**—Hasty MARRIAGE seldom proveth well.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

**Marriages.**—The reason why so few MARRIAGES are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

**Married.**—A young man MARRIED is a man that's marr'd.
SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

— Thus grief still treads upon the heel of pleasure:
MARRIED in haste, we may repent at leisure.
CONGREVE, *Old Bachelor.*

**Martyr.**—It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the MARTYR.
NAPOLEON I.

**Martyred.**—For some not to be MARTYRED is a martyrdom.
Dr. DONNE.

**Martyrs.**—The blood of the MARTYRS is the seed of the Church.—Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum.—TERTULLIAN, *Apologet.*

**Master.**—Such mistress, such Nan.
Such MASTER, such man.—TUSSER, *April's Abstract.*

**Matter.**— Bring me to the test,
And I the MATTER will re-word which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— He that repeateth a MATTER separateth very friends.
*Proverbs* xvii. 9.

— When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no MATTER,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
BYRON, *Don Juan.*

**Meant.**—Where more is MEANT than meets the ear.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

**Measures.**—MEASURES, not men, have always been my mark.
GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man.*

— The cant of "not men, but MEASURES."—ED. BURKE.

**Meat.**—God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the MEAT.
TUSSER, *Good Husbandry.*

**Meat.**—God sends MEAT, and the Devil sends cooks.—RAY'S *Proverbs.* GARRICK, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

**Medes and Persians.**—The law of the MEDES AND PERSIANS, which altereth not.—*Daniel* vi. 12.

**Medicine.**—By MEDICINE life may be prolonged, yet death will seize the doctor too.—SHAKESPERE, *Cymbeline.*

**Meditation.**—In maiden MEDITATION, fancy free.
*Ibid.*, *Mid. Night's Dream.*

**Meet.**—*1st Witch.* When shall we three MEET again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
*2nd Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Melancholy.**—Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only MELANCHOLY; O sweetest melancholy!
J. FLETCHER, *The Nice Valour.*

— Moping MELANCHOLY,
Moon-struck madness.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in MELANCHOLY.—HOOD, *Ode to Melancholy.*

**Memory.**— And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of MEMORY, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion.*

— MEMORY, the warder of the brain.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while MEMORY holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— The MEMORY of the just is blessed.—*Proverbs* x. 7.

**Men.**—All MEN think all men mortal but themselves.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Men.**—Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All those MEN have their price."—COXE, *Memoirs of Walpole.*

— I never could believe that Providence had sent a few MEN into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—RICHD. RUMBOLD (*when on the scaffold*).

— I said in my haste, all MEN are liars.—*Psalm* cxvi. 11.

— Let me have MEN about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— MEN are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.—DRYDEN, *Love.*

— MEN are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— MEN may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp, in divers tones,
That MEN may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— Oh, shame to MEN! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— O, what MEN dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!—SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado.*

— Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
MEN were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.—*Ibid.*

— The world knows nothing of its greatest MEN.
Sir H. TAYLOR, *Philip Van Artevelde.*

**Menial.**—A pampered MENIAL drove me from the door.—T. MOSS.

**Mercy.**—A God all MERCY is a God unjust.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— And lovelier things have MERCY shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.—BYRON, *The Giaour.*

— Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of MERCY on mankind.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

— No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As MERCY does.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

— Nothing emboldens sin so much as MERCY.
*Ibid.*, *Timon of Athens.*

Sweet MERCY is nobility's true badge.—*Ibid.*, *Titus Andronicus.*

— The greatest attribute of Heav'n is MERCY;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

— Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That MERCY I to others show,
That mercy show to me.—POPE, *Universal Prayer.*

— The quality of MERCY is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.—SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— Who will not MERCIE unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene.*

**Mercy.**—Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy.—SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure.*

**Merits.**—No farther seek his MERITS to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

— On their own MERITS modest men are dumb.
G. COLMAN the Younger, *Epilogue to the Heir-at-Law.*

**Mermaid.**— What things have we seen
Done at the MERMAID! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.—FR. BEAUMONT, *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

**Merry.**—A MERRY heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.—SHAKESPERE, *A Winter's Tale.*

— A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.—*Proverbs.*

— 'Tis MERRY in hall
Where beards wag all.—TUSSER, *August's Abstract.*

**Merry Andrew.**—[*A buffoon.*] In the ancient Feast or Holiday of Fools a MERRY ANDREW was introduced amongst the grotesque characters.

**Mice.**—But MICE, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

**Midnight Oil.**—A common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

— Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the MIDNIGHT OIL?
GAY, *Shepherd and Philosopher.*

**Mighty.**—How are the MIGHTY fallen in the midst of the battle! 2 *Samuel* i. 25.

**Milkmaid.**— I would I were a MILKMAID,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

**Miller.**—There was a jolly MILLER once
Lived on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night:
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.—I. BICKERSTAFF.

**Mills.**—Though the MILLS of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.—LONGFELLOW, *Retribution.*

**Milton.**— That mighty orb of song,
The divine MILTON.—WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion.*

— Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
DRYDEN, *Under Milton's Picture.*

**Mind.**—A MIND not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— *Macbeth.* Canst thou not minister to a MIND diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
*Doctor.* Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
*Macbeth.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— It is the MIND that makes the body rich.
*Ibid.*, *Taming of the Shrew.*

— My lord, 'tis but a base, ignoble MIND
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.—*Ibid.*, *Henry VI.*

— Feared, but alone as freemen fear;
Loved, but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By Nature's first great title—MIND.
Rev. G. CROLY, *Pericles.*

**Mind.**—My MIND to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.—R. SOUTHWELL, *Jesuit*, 1595.

— My MIND to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
BYRD, *Psalmes, Sonnets*, &c., 1588.

— O, what a noble MIND is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— Out of MIND as soon as out of sight.—Lord BROOKE, *Sonnets.*

— And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of MIND.
*Imitation of Christ.*

— The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant MIND.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

— Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The MIND'S the standard of the man.
WATTS, *Horæ Lyricæ.*

**Minstrel.**—The way was long, the wind was cold;
The MINSTREL was infirm and old.—SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

**Mirth.**—As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,
The MIRTH and fun grew fast and furious.
BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

— Oh, MIRTH and innocence! Oh, milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!—BYRON, *Beppo.*

— Prepare for MIRTH, for mirth becomes a feast.
SHAKESPERE, *Pericles.*

— Present MIRTH hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure.—*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night.*

— Where lives the man that has not tried
How MIRTH can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!—SCOTT, *The Bridal of Triermain.*

**Misery.**—In MISERY'S darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.—Dr. JOHNSON.

**Misery.**—MISERY acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
SHAKESPERE, *Tempest.*

— O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in MISERY;
Longing, and yet afraid, to die;
Patient, though sorely tried!—LONGFELLOW, *Goblet of Life.*

**Mistress.**—MISTRESS of herself, though china fall.
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

**Moderation.**—MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Bp. HALL, *Christian Moderation.*

**Moles.**—Cast to the MOLES and to the bats.—*Isaiah* ii. 20.

**Monarch.**—A merry MONARCH, scandalous and poor.
Earl of ROCHESTER, *On the King.*

— I am MONARCH of all I survey,
And my right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.—COWPER, *Selkirk.*

**Monarchy.**—The trappings of a MONARCHY would set up an ordinary commonwealth.—Dr. JOHNSON, *Life of Milton.*

**Money.**—The love of MONEY is the root of all evil.
1 *Timothy* vi. 10.

— Get MONEY; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.
JONSON, *Every Man in his Humour.*

— Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.—POPE, *Horace.*

**Monk.**—The solitary MONK who shook the world.
R. MONTGOMERY.

**Monks.**—All hoods make not MONKS.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

**Mood.**—In that sweet MOOD when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
WORDSWORTH, *Lines written in Early Spring.*

**Moon.**—MOON is made of green cheese.—*Jack Jugler.* RABELAIS. BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— The MOON looks
On many brooks;
The brook can see no moon but this.
MOORE, *While gazing on the Moon's Light.*

— O, swear not by the MOON, the inconstant moon.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Moon.**—The MOON followed by a single star, like a lady by her page.
DISRAELI, *Coningsby.*

— Queen Luna sails the clouds among
Now lost—now seen in brightness;
Her train of stars their silent song
Are singing, clad in whiteness.
*Anon., Newspaper extract*, 1868.

— What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the MOON,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**More.**—MORE the merrier. The title of a book of epigrams, 1608.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Scornful Lady. The Sea Voyage.*

**Morn.**—Fair laughs the MORN, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.
GRAY, *The Bard.*

— From MORN
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

— Now MORN, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred.—*Ibid.*

— The breezy call of incense-breathing MORN.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Mother.**—A MOTHER is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.—COLERIDGE, *The Three Graves.*

— A MOTHER in Israel.—*Judges* v. 7.

— The MOTHER of all living.—*Genesis* iii. 20.

**Mother Carey.**—A name which occurs in the expression MOTHER CAREY'S Chickens, applied by sailors to the *Procellaria pelagica*, or stormy petrel, a small oceanic bird vulgarly supposed to be seen only before a storm, of which it is regarded as the harbinger. According to Yarrell, the distinguished ornithologist, "The name of 'Mother Carey's Chickens' is said to have been originally bestowed upon the stormy petrel by Captain Cartaret's

sailors, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name." Others regard the words as a characteristic English corruption of *Mater Cara* (that is, dear mother), an affectionate appellation said to be given by Italian sailors to the Virgin Mary—the special patroness of mariners—for her kindness is sending these messengers to forwarn them of impending tempests; but this explanation is more ingenious than probable. When it is snowing, Mother Carey is said by the sailors to be plucking her goose; and this has been supposed to be the comical and satirical form assumed by a myth of the old German mythology, that described the snow as the feathers falling from the bed of the goddess Holda, when she shook it in making it.

**Mother Carey.**—Among the unsolvable riddles which nature propounds to mankind, we may reckon the question, Who is MOTHER CAREY, and where does she rear her chickens?—H. BRIDGE.

**Mother-wit.**—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen.* MARLOWE, *Prol. Tamberlain the Great.* SHAKESPERE, *Taming of the Shrew.*

**Motley.**—MOTLEY'S the only wear.—SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It.*

**Mountains.**— To me
High MOUNTAINS are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— See, the MOUNTAINS kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother.—SHELLEY, *Love's Philosophy.*

**Mourn.**—He that lacks time to MOURN lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Sir H. TAYLOR, *Philip Van Artevelde.*

**Mourns.**—He MOURNS the dead who lives as they desire.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

**Mouse.**—The MOUSE that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
POPE, *The Wife of Bath, Her Prologue.*

**Multitude.**—Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish MULTITUDE.—ED. BURKE.

— The MULTITUDE is always in the wrong.
Earl of ROSCOMMON.

**Mumbo Jumbo.**—A strange bugbear, common to all the Mandingo towns, and resorted to by the negroes as a means of discipline.

**Mumbo Jumbo.**—The grand question and hope, however, is, will not this feast of the Tuileries' MUMBO JUMBO be a sign, perhaps, that the guillotine is to abate?—CARLYLE.

**Munchausen.**—The fictitious author of a book of travels filled with the most extravagant fictions. The name is corrupted from that of Jerome Charles Frederick von Munchhausen, a German officer in the Russian service, who died in 1797. He must not be confounded with Gerlach Adolphus, Baron von Münchhausen, one of the founders of the University of Göttingen, and for many years a privy councillor of the Elector of Hanover, George II. of England.

**Murder.**—For MURDER, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— MORDRE wol out, that see we day by day.
CHAUCER, *The Nonnes Prestes Tale.*

— One MURDER made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.—Bishop PORTEOUS.

— One to destroy is MURDER, by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,—
War's glorious art,—and gives immortal fame.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame.*

**Muse.**—For his chaste MUSE employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Lord LYTTELTON, *Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

**Music.**—I am never merry when I hear sweet MUSIC.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

— If MUSIC be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night.*

— MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride.*

— MUSIC is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.—CARLYLE.

**Music.**—MUSIC is nothing else but wild sounds civilised into time and tune. Such the extensiveness thereof, that it stoopeth so low as brute beasts, yet mounteth as high as angels. For horses will do more for a whistle than for a whip, and, by hearing their bells, jingle away their weariness.—THOMAS FULLER.

— The man that hath no MUSIC in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Musical.**—Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most MUSICAL, most melancholy!—MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

**Mutual Admiration Society.**—[Fr. *Société d'Admiration Mutuelle.*] A nickname popularly given in Paris to the "Société d'Observation Médicale." It is used, in English, in a more general way, usually with reference to any persons who are lavish of compliments from a desire to be repaid in kind.

— Who can tell what we owe to the MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY of which Shakespere, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the centre, and which gave us the *Spectator?* Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerc, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? . . . Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honours put together.—O. W. HOLMES.

**Mystery.**—The MYSTERY of iniquity.—1 *Timothy.*

— Within this awful volume lies
The MYSTERY of mysteries.—SCOTT, *The Monastery.*

## N.

**Naked.**—The NAKED every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.—GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on a Mad Dog.*

**Name.**—And last of all an admiral came,
A terrible man, with a terrible NAME,—
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
SOUTHEY, *March to Moscow.*

**Name.**—Good NAME, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello.*

— A good NAME is rather to be chosen than great riches.
*Proverbs* xxii. 1.

— A good NAME is better than precious ointment.
*Ecclesiastes* vii. 1.

— He left the NAME at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
Dr. JOHNSON, *Human Wishes.*

— I cannot tell what the dickens his NAME is.
SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives.*

— I do beseech you—chiefly that I may set it in my prayers—what is your NAME?—SHAKESPERE.

— My NAME and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.—BACON, *From his Will.*

— Named softly as the household NAME
Of one whom God hath taken.
E. B. BROWNING, *Cowper's Grave.*

— Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her NAME is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.—T. H. BAYLY.

— The grand old NAME of gentleman.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

— Ravished with the whistling of a NAME.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— The king's NAME is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

— What's in a NAME? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.
*Ibid.*, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a NAME.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope.*

**Names.**—How many NAMES in the long sweep of time, that so foreshortens greatness, may but hang on the chance mention of some fool that once brake bread with us, perhaps.

TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

— Then shall our NAMES,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Nation.**—Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant NATION rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.—MILTON, *Areopagitica.*

**Nation of Shopkeepers.**—From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House, in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed; London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No.* 4 *Ludgate Hill*, 1776. To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.—ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations.*

**Native Land.**—Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my NATIVE LAND!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd and unsung.—SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

— My NATIVE LAND—good night!—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Nature.**—All NATURE is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Nature.**—All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body NATURE is, and God the soul.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— Art may err, but NATURE cannot miss.
DRYDEN, *The Cock and Fox.*

— But who can paint
Like NATURE! Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?—THOMSON, *Seasons.*

— Eye NATURE'S walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— His NATURE is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.—SHAKESPERE, *Coriolanus.*

— NATURE is frugal, and her wants are few.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— NATURE is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure.
EMERSON, *Essays.*

— NATURE is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God.
COWPER, *The Task.*

— NATURE, the vicar of the almightie Lord.
CHAUCER, *The Assembly of Foules.*

— One touch of NATURE makes the whole world kin.
SHAKESPERE, *Troilus and Cressida.*

— Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through NATURE up to nature's God.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to NATURE.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— Yet I do fear thy NATURE:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Nautilus.**—Learn of the little NAUTILUS to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Navy.**—The royal NAVY of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength,—the floating bulwark of our island.—BLACKSTONE, *Commentaries.*

**Nazareth.**—Can there any good thing come out of NAZARETH?
*John* i. 46.

**Necessity.**—NECESSITY, the mother of invention.
C. FARQUHAR, *Twin Rivals.*

— NECESSITY invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs.
COWPER, *The Task.*

— NECESSITY, thou mother of the world!
SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

— Make a virtue of NECESSITY.—RABELAIS. CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale.* SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen.* DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite.*

**Negro.**—The image of God cut in ebony.—THOMAS FULLER.

**Nettle.**—Tender-handed stroke a NETTLE,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
AARON HILL, 1750, *Verses written on a window in Scotland.*

**New.**—There is no NEW thing under the sun.—*Ecclesiastes* i. 9.

**News.**—As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good NEWS from a far country.—*Proverbs* xxv. 25.

— Evil NEWS rides post, while good news baits.
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

— Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad NEWS. Ill tidings tell themselves.
SHAKESPERE, *Ant. and Cleo.*

— Yet the first bringer of unwelcome NEWS
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.
*Ibid.*, *Henry IV.*

**Newton.**—Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let NEWTON be!" and all was light.
POPE, *Horace, Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.*

**New World.**—I called the NEW WORLD into existence to redress the balance of the old.—G. CANNING, *The King's Message.*

**New Zealand.**—She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from NEW ZEALAND shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—MACAULAY, *Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

**Night.**—How beautiful is NIGHT!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!—R. SOUTHEY, *Thalaba.*

— Oft in the stilly NIGHT
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night.*

— Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes NIGHT hideous;—answer him, ye owls.
POPE, *The Dunciad.*

— And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the NIGHT, my dear!
MOORE, *Young May Moon.*

— Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the NIGHT?
MILTON, *Comus.*

— The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that clicked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by NIGHT, a chest of drawers by day.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Night.**—NIGHT'S candles are burned out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— 'Tis now the very witching time of NIGHT,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— When NIGHT
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Ninety-eight.**—Who fears to speak of NINETY-EIGHT?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
J. K. INGRAM, *The Nation Newspaper.*

**Noble.**—The NOBLE army of martyrs.—*Common Prayer.*

— 'Tis only NOBLE to be good.—TENNYSON, *Lady Clara.*

— We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be NOBLE we'll be good.—Bishop PERCY, *Winefreda.*

— Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a NOBLE
Of Nature's own creating.—THOMSON, *Coriolanus.*

— I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the NOBLE savage ran.
DRYDEN, *The Conquest of Granada.*

**Norval.**—My name is NORVAL; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.—J. HOME, *Douglas.*

**Nor'-wester.**—A strong NOR'-WESTER'S blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!
WILLIAM PITT, *The Sailor's Consolation.*

**Note.**—In the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words: "May we ne'er want a friend nor a bottle to give him!" When found make a note of.—*Captain Cuttle*, DICKENS, *Dombey and Son.*

**Notes.**—If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' NOTES,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
BURNS, *On Captain Grose.*

**Nothing.**—Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of NOTHING, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.—SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Numbers.**—As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in NUMBERS, for the numbers came.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

## O.

**Oaks.**—Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall OAKS, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.—KEATS, *Hyperion.*

**Oar.**— On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended OAR.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Oath.**—A good mouth-filling OATH.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*

— He that imposes an OATH makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— It is a sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful OATH.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*

— To keep that OATH were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.—*Ibid.*

**Oaths.**—OATHS are but words, and words but wind.
BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

— 'Tis not the many OATHS that make the truth;
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
SHAKESPERE, *All's Well.*

**Oblivion.**— Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere OBLIVION;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
*Ibid., As You Like It.*

**Observation.**—He is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of OBSERVATION.—SHAKESPERE, *King John.*

— The bearings of this OBSERVATION lays in the application on it.—DICKENS, *Dombey and Son.*

**Observed.**—The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The OBSERVED of all observers.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Ocean.**—Roll on, thou deep and dark blue OCEAN—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.—*Ibid.*

— Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests.—*Ibid.*

— And I have loved thee, OCEAN! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers.

. . . . . .

And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.—*Ibid.*

— He laid his hand upon the "OCEAN'S mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
POLLOK.—*The Course of Time.*

**Offender.**—Love th' OFFENDER, yet detest th' offence.—POPE, *Eloisa.*

— She hugged the OFFENDER, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.—DRYDEN, *Cymon.*

**Old.**—It is a pleasure to grow OLD when the years that bring decay to ourselves ripen the prosperity of our country.—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— OLD wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonzo of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that it appeared to be best in these four things.—MELCHIOR, *Floresta Espanola.* BACON, *Apothegms, &c.*

— Is not OLD wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.—WEBSTER, *Westward Ho!*

— What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminence of it in everything: in an OLD friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.—*The Antiquary.*

**Old.**—I love everything that's OLD. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer.*

**Old Grog.**—A nickname given by the sailors in the British navy to Admiral Edward Vernon (1684–1757), on account of his wearing a *grogram* cloak in foul weather. They afterwards transferred the abbreviated term GROG to a mixture of rum, gin, or other spirituous liquor, with water—a kind of beverage first introduced by the Admiral on board ship.

**Old Harry.**—A vulgar name for the devil; also called LORD HARRY.

— It has been suggested (*Notes and Queries*, xii. 229) that this appellation comes from the Scandinavian *Hari* or *Herra* (equivalent to the German *Herr*), names of Odin, who came in time (like the other deities of the Northern mythology) to be degraded from his rank of god to that of fiend or evil spirit. According to Henley, the hirsute honours of the Satan of the ancient religious stage procured him the name *Old Hairy*, corrupted into OLD HARRY.

**Old Man of the Sea.**—In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," a monster encountered by Sinbad the sailor, in his fifth voyage. After carrying him upon his shoulders a long time, Sinbad at last succeeded in intoxicating him, and effected his escape.

**Old Nick.**—A vulgar and ancient name for the devil, derived from that of the Neck, or Nikke, a river or ocean god of the Scandinavian popular mythology. "The British sailor," says Scott, "who fears nothing else, confesses his terrors for this terrible being, and believes him the author of almost all the various calamities to which the precarious life of a seaman is so continually exposed." Butler, the author of "Hudibras," erroneously derives the term from the name of *Nicolo* Machiavelli.

**Old Scratch.**—A jocular and ancient term for the devil.

— It is to be suspected that the paternity of OLD SCRATCH must be sought for in the *Scrat*, *Schrat*, *Schretel*, or *Schretlein*, a house or wood demon of the ancient North.—*Notes and Queries.*

**One.**—That God who ever lives and loves;
ONE God, one law, one element:
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

**One Thing.**—But ONE THING is needful.—*Luke* x. 42.

**Oracle, Sir.**—A name which occurs in Shakespere's "Merchant of Venice," in the expression:

"I am SIR ORACLE;
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

In the folio edition, the words are "I am, sir, an oracle," which is probably the true reading.

**Oracles.**—The ORACLES are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

**Order.**—ORDER gave each thing view.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*

— ORDER is Heaven's first law.—POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— Set thine house in ORDER.—*Isaiah* xxxviii. 1.

— The old ORDER changeth, yielding place to new.—TENNYSON.

**Orthodoxy.**—"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'ORTHODOXY' and 'heterodoxy;' but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper—"orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—PRIESTLEY, *Memoirs.*

**Owes.**—And looks the whole world in the face,
For he OWES not any man.
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

**Oyster.**—He was a bold man that first ate an OYSTER.
DEAN SWIFT, *Conversation.*

— It is unseasonable and unwholesome, in all months that have not an R in their name, to eat an OYSTER.
BUTLER (1599), *Dyet's Dinner.*

## P.

**Ps and Qs.**—Mind your PS AND QS. *An injunction to be careful,* which arose it is said from taverners, in reckoning the bills of their guests, using the abbreviations of P. and Q. for pints and quarts of liquor. The liability to mistake p for q in printing is another conjecture.

**Paid.**—He is well PAID that is well satisfied.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice.*

**Painter.**—A flattering PAINTER, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation.*

**Paip.**—The PAIP, that pagane full of pryde,
His lies us blindit lang,
For quhair the blind the blind do gyde,
Na wonder tha ga wrang.—RAMSAY, *Ever Green.*

**Pall Mall Gazette.**—"PALL MALL GAZETTE—why Pall Mall Gazette?" asked Wagg. "Because the editor was born at Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork, because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand."
THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair.*

**Palm.**— You yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching PALM.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

**Parallel.**—None but himself can be his PARALLEL.—L. THEOBALD.

**Parent.**—These are thy glorious works, PARENT of good.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Parson.**—Oh for a forty PARSON power.—BYRON, *Don Juan.*

— There goes the PARSON, oh! illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
COWPER, *Names of Little Nots.*

**Parting.**—Good night, good night: PARTING is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

— The PARTING of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.—TENNYSON, *Queen Mary.*

**Party.**—PARTY is the madness of many for the gain of a few.
POPE, *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

— Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind;
And to PARTY gave up what was meant for mankind.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation.*

**Passion.**—And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling PASSION strong in death.
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

— The ruling PASSION, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.—*Ibid.*

— Give me that man that is not PASSION'S slave,
And I will wear him in my heart's core.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Passion.**—Hence one master-PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

**Past.**—The best of prophets of the future is the PAST.
BYRON, *Letter*, January 28, 1821.

— Look, what is done cannot now be amended.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*

— Repent what's PAST; avoid what is to come.—*Ibid.*, *Hamlet.*

— This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The PAST, the future, two eternities!—MOORE, *Lalla Rookh.*

— When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things PAST.
SHAKESPERE, *Sonnet* XXX.

**Patience.**—He that will have a cake of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.—*Ibid.*, *Troilus and Cressida.*

— She sat like PATIENCE on a monument, smiling at grief.
*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night.*

— How poor are they that have no PATIENCE.—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

— The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth PA-TI-ENCE.
G. HERBERT, *The Church Porch.*

— 'Tis all men's office to speak PATIENCE
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.—SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado.*

**Patient.**—I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so PATIENT.
*Ibid.*, *Henry IV.*

**Patriot.**—Such is the PATRIOT'S boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.—GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

**Paul Pry.**—The title of a well-known comedy by John Poole, and the name of its principal character, "one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs."

— He (Boswell) was a slave proud of his servitude, a PAUL PRY, convinced that his own curiosity and garrulity were virtues.
MACAULAY.

**Peace.**— PEACE hath her victories
No less renown'd than war.—MILTON, *To Cromwell.*

— PEACE, peace, when there is no peace.—*Jeremiah* vi. 41.

**Peace.**—The inglorious arts of PEACE.
AND. MARVELL, *Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.*

**Pearl.**—A PEARL of great price.—*Matthew* xiii. 46.

**Pearls.**—Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient PEARLS at random strung.—SIR W. JONES.

— Neither cast ye your PEARLS before swine.—*Matthew* vii. 6.

**Peasantry.**—Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made,
But a bold PEASANTRY, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

**Peep.**—One that would PEEP and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.—WORDSWORTH, *A Poet's Epitaph.*

**Pen.**—Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The PEN is mightier than the sword.—LORD LYTTON, *Richelieu.*

— Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it; bring the PEN!—*Ibid.*

— The PEN of a ready writer.—*Psalm* xlv. 1.

— The feather whence the PEN
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.
WORDSWORTH, *Walton's Lives.*

— The PEN wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.—H. CONSTABLE, *Sonnet.*

**Penance.**— When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to PENANCE.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Perfection.**—The very pink of PERFECTION.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer.*

**Peri.**—One morn a PERI at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.—MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

**Persuaded.**—Let every man be fully PERSUADED in his own mind.
*Romans* xiv. 5.

**Petition.**—PETITION me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we.
FIELDING, *Tom Thumb.*

**Phantom.**—She was a PHANTOM of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom.*

**Philosophy.**—A little PHILOSOPHY inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—BACON, *Atheism.*

— How charming is divine PHILOSOPHY!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—MILTON, *Comus.*

— PHILOSOPHY triumphs easily over past, and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.
ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Maxims.*

— PHILOSOPHY will clip an angel's wings.—KEATS, *Lamia.*

— There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your PHILOSOPHY.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Physic.**—Throw PHYSIC to the dogs, I'll none of it.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Picking.**—To keep my hands from PICKING and stealing.
*Church Catechism.*

**Pickwickian.**—In a PICKWICKIAN sense.—DICKENS, *Pickwick.*

**Pic Nic.**—The Annual Register, 1802, says that a new kind of entertainment has come into fashion, called PIC NIC suppers, where a variety of dishes are set down in a list, and whoever draws a particular dish must furnish it for the use of the company.

**Picture.**—Look here, upon this PICTURE and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Pilfers.**—Still PILFERS wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
CHURCHILL, *The Apology.*

**Pious Frauds.**—When PIOUS FRAUDS and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Pitch.**—He that toucheth PITCH shall be defiled therewith.
*Ecclesiasticus* xiii. 1.

**Pity.**—No beast so fierce but knows some touch of PITY.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth.*

— PITY melts the mind to love.—DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

**Place.**—"A jolly PLACE," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
WORDSWORTH, *Hart-Leap Well.*

**Places.**—All PLACES that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard II.*

**Plagiarè.**—For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted PLAGIARÈ.—MILTON, *Iconoclastes.*

**Plain as a Pike-staff.**—TERENCE in English, 1641. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675. SMOLLETT, Trans. *Gil Blas.*

**Play.**—The PLAY, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Playmates.**—I have had PLAYMATES, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
CHARLES LAMB, *Old Familiar Faces.*

**Pleasure.**—A man of PLEASURE is a man of pains.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When PLEASURE, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.—MOORE, *Fly not yet.*

— "I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these PLEASURIN' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin', an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order like a grocer o' market-day for fear people shouldna think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagree."—GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede.*

— No profit grows where is no PLEASURE ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
SHAKESPERE, *Taming of the Shrew.*

— PLEASURES are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.—BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

— Rich the treasure,
Sweet the PLEASURE,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.—DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

**Pleasure.**—There is a PLEASURE in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

**Poems.**—He wrote POEMS and relieved himself very much. When a man's grief or passion is at this point, it may be loud, but it is not very severe. When a gentleman is cudgelling his brain to find any rhyme for sorrow, besides borrow or to-morrow, his woes are nearer at an end than he thinks.—THACKERAY.

**Poet.**—Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say that when the POET dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.—SCOTT, *Last Minstrel.*

— Ne'er
Was flattery lost on POET'S ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.—*Ibid.*

**Poetry.**—POETRY is the art of substantiating shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.—ED. BURKE.

— Means not, but blunders round about a meaning
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not POETRY, but prose run mad.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

**Poets.**—Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The POETS, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
WORDSWORTH, *The Poets.*

— God's prophets of the beautiful, these POETS were.
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision.*

— POETS are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.
BAILEY, *Festus.*

— There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only POETS know.—COWPER, *The Task.*

**Poet's Corner.**—An angle in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, popularly so called from the fact that it contains the tombs of Chaucer, Spenser, and other eminent English poets, and memorial tablets, busts, statues, or monuments to many who are buried in other places.

**Poison.**—What's one man's POISON, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Cure.*

**Pomp.**—The POMPS and vanity of this wicked world.
*Church Catechism.*

— Vain POMP, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—SHAKESPERE, *King Henry VIII.*

**Poor.**—POOR and content is rich, and rich enough.—*Ibid.*, *Othello.*

— Too POOR for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He hath not the method of making a fortune.
GRAY, *On his own Character.*

**Posterity.**— As though there were a tie,
And obligation to POSTERITY,
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our neck to gripe of noose?
J. TRUMBULL, *McFingal.*

**Pot.**—There is death in the POT.—2 *Kings* iv. 40.

**Poverty.**—*Ap.* My POVERTY, but not my will, consents.
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Power.**—POWER, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.—SHELLEY, *Queen Mab.*

**Powers.**—The POWERS that be.—*Romans* xiii. 1.

**Praise.**—Damn with faint PRAISE, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

— Good things should be PRAISED.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen.*

— Of whom to be disprais'd were no small PRAISE.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Praise.**—PRAISE undeserved is scandal in disguise.—POPE, *Horace.*

— The love of PRAISE, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame.*

**Prayer.**—More things are wrought by PRAYER than this world dreams of.—TENNYSON, *Idylls.*

— Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
J. MONTGOMERY, *What is Prayer?*

**Prayeth.**—He PRAYETH well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner.*

— He PRAYETH best who loveth best
All things both great and small.—*Ibid.*

**Preached.**—I PREACHED as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
R. BAXTER, *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.*

**Precept.**—PRECEPT must be upon precept.—*Isaiah* xxviii. 10.

**Preparation.**—Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armorers, accomplishing, the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of PREPARATION.—SHAKESPERE, *Henry V.*

**Presbyter.**—New PRESBYTER is but old priest writ large.—MILTON.

**Prey.**—Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects its ev'ning PREY.
GRAY, *The Bard.*

**Pride.**—And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is PRIDE that apes humility.
COLERIDGE, *The Devil's Thoughts.*

— He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin,
That his favorite sin
Is PRIDE that apes humility.—SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk.*

**Pride.**—In PRIDE, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

— PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
*Ibid.*, *Essay on Criticism.*

— Pauline, by PRIDE
Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould.
LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— PRIDE goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—*Proverbs* xvi. 18.

— PRIDE in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.
GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

**Pride's Purge.**—In English history, a name given to a violent invasion of Parliamentary right, in 1649, by Colonel Pride, who, at the head of two regiments, surrounded the House of Commons, and seized in the passage forty-one members of the Presbyterian party, whom he confined. Above one hundred and sixty others were excluded, and none admitted but the most furious and determined of the Independents. These privileged members were called the *Rump.*

**Primrose.**—A PRIMROSE by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.—WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell.*

— PRIMROSE, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

**Prince.**—The PRINCE of darkness is a gentleman.
SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

**Princes.**—Whose merchants are PRINCES.—*Isaiah* xxiii. 8.

**Principle.**—I don't believe in PRINCIPLE,
But, oh! I *du* in interest.—LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

**Principles.**—Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their PRINCIPLES than shirt.
YOUNG, *Epistle to Mr. Pope.*

**Print.**—Fir'd that the house rejects him, "Sdeath! I'll PRINT it,
And shame the fools."—POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

**Print.**—Some said, "John, PRINT it," others said, "Not so."
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No."
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

— 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in PRINT;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.
BYRON, *English Bards.*

**Prison.**—A PRISON is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive;
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.
*Inscription on Edinburgh Old Tolbooth.*

**Procrastination.**—PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts.*

— Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
B. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

**Profession.**—I hold every man a debtor to his PROFESSION; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.—BACON, *Maxims of the Law.*

**Promises.**—PROMISES were the ready money that was first coined and made current by the law of nature, to support that society and commerce that was necessary for the comfort and security of mankind.—*Clarendon.*

**Promising.**—PROMISING opens the eyes of expectation.
SHAKESPERE, *Timon.*

**Prophet.**—A PROPHET is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house.—*Matthew* xiii. 57.

**Prophets.**—Is Saul also among the PROPHETS?—1 *Samuel* x. 11.

— PERVERTS the PROPHETS, and purloins the psalms.
BYRON, *English Bards.*

**Prose.**—Things attempted yet in PROSE or rhyme.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Protest.**—The lady doth PROTEST too much, methinks.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Prove.**—PROVE all things: hold fast that which is good.
1 *Thess.* v. 21.

**Proverb.**—A PROVERB and a by-word among all people.
1 *Kings* ix. 7.

— My definition of a PROVERB is, the wit of one man, and the wisdom of many.—EARL RUSSELL, *To Sir J. Macintosh.*

**Proverb'd.**—I am PROVERB'D with a grandsire phrase.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet.*

**Proverbs.**—Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.—TENNYSON, *The Princess.*

**Providence.**—There is a special PROVIDENCE in the fall of a sparrow.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Pulpit.**—And PULPIT, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Pun.**—A man who could make so vile a PUN would not scruple to pick a pocket.—J. DENNIS, 1734.

— People that make PUNS are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.—HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

— Pretend to be deaf; and after he has committed his PUN, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say, "Oh, that is a pun, I believe!" I never knew a punster venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety so as to make him repeat it in proper time. If well done the company laugh at the punster, and then he is ruined for ever.—MAGINN, *Maxims.*

**Punishment.**—Back to thy PUNISHMENT,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

**Pure.**—Unto the PURE all things are pure.—*Titus* i. 15.

**Puritans.**—The PURITANS hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but beause it gave pleasure to the spectators.—MACAULAY, *History of England.*

**Pythagoras.**—*Clo.* What is the opinion of PYTHAGORAS concerning wild-fowl?
*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?
*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night.*

## Q.

**Quality.**—Come give us a taste of your QUALITY.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 2.

**Quarrel.**— Beware
Of entrance to a QUARREL; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposer may beware of thee.
*Ibid.*, act i. sc. 3.

— Greatly to find QUARREL in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.—*Ibid.*, act iv. sc. 4.

— The QUARREL is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act iv. sc. 3.

— What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his QUARREL just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, part ii. act iii. sc. 2.

**Quarrels.**—They who in QUARRELS interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.—J. GAY, *The Mastiffs*.

— Thy head is as full of QUARRELS as an egg is full of meat.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 1.

**Quarry.**—So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostrils wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his QUARRY from so far.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book x. l. 279.

**Queen o' the May.**—You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be QUEEN O' THE MAY, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.—TENNYSON, *The May Queen*.

**Questions.**—Ask me no QUESTIONS, and I'll tell you no fibs.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*, act iii.

**Quips.**—Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
QUIPS and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 2.

## R.

**Race.**—He lives to build, not boast, a generous RACE;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.—R. SAVAGE, *The Bastard.*

**Rank.**—RANK is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's the gowd for a' that.
BURNS, *Is there for Honest Poverty.*

**Rascals.**—O Heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the RASCALS naked through the world.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act iv. sc. 2.

**Rat.**—Smell a RAT.—BEN. JOHSON, *Tale of a Tub*, act iv. sc. 3. BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 281. FARQUHAR, *Love and a Bottle.*

— Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a RAT;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 281.

**Razors.**— A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried RAZORS up and down.
DR. WOLCOT, *Farewell Odes*, ode iii.

**Read.**—READ, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.
*Collect, Second Sunday in Advent.*

**Reading.**—READING maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. . . . Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.
BACON, Essay 1, *Of Studies.*

— READING what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.
COWPER, *Task*, book ii.

**Reason.**—Give you a REASON on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. —SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*, act ii. sc. 4.

— Human REASON is like a drunken man on horseback; set it up on one side, and it tumbles over on the other.—*Luther.*

— I have no other but a woman's REASON:
I think him so because I think him so.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 2.

**Reason.**—I was promised on a time
To have REASON for my rhyme:
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
SPENSER, *Lines on his Promised Pension.*

**Reason, Goddess of.**—A personification of those intellectual powers which distinguish man from the rest of the animal creation; deified in 1793 by the Revolutionists of France, and substituted as an object of worship for the divine beings of the Christian faith.

**Rebellion.**—REBELLION to tyrants is obedience to God. From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.—STILES'S *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.* This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations.—RANDALL'S *Life of Jefferson*, vol. iii. p. 585.

**Rebels.**—Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are REBELS from principle.—BURKE, *On the French Revolution.*

**Recoiled.**—And back RECOILED, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
COLLINS, *Ode to the Passions*, l. 19.

**Records.**—In RECORDS that defy the tooth of time.
YOUNG, *The Statesman's Creed.*

**Reign.**—Here we may REIGN secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book i. l. 261.

**Reign of Terror.**—A term applied to a period of anarchy, bloodshed, and confiscation, in the course of the French Revolution, during which the country was under the sway of the actual terror inspired by the ferocious measures of its governors, who had established it avowedly as the principle of their authority. It commenced after the fall of the Girondists, May 31, 1793, and extended to the overthrow of Robespierre and his accomplices, July 27, 1794. Thousands of persons were put to death during this short time.

**Religion.**—RELIGION, blushing, vales her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, book iv. l. 649.

**Religion.**—And for a mantle large and broad
He wrapt him in RELIGION.—BURNS, *The Holy Fair.*

**Remedies.**—Our REMEDIES oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven.
SHAKESPERE, *All's Well*, act i. sc. 1.

**Remedy.**—REMEDY worse than the disease.—BACON, *Of Seditions and Troubles.* BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Love's Cure*, act iii. sc. 2. SUCKLING'S *Letters: A Dissuasion from Love.* DRYDEN, *Juvenal*, satire xvi. l. 32.

— Things without all REMEDY
Should be without regard: what's done is done.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

**Remember.**—I REMEMBER, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.—HOOD, *I Remember.*

**Remote.**—REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 1.

**Remuneration.**—*Biron.* What is a REMUNERATION?
*Costard.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour Lost*, act iii. sc. 1.

**Repentance.**—He who seeks REPENTANCE for the past
Should woo the angel Virtue in the future.
LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

**Reputation.**—It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of REPUTATION but by himself.—MONK, *Life of Bentley.*

— REPUTATION, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, sir, and what remains is bestial.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

**Respectable.**—*Q.* What do you mean by "RESPECTABLE"?
*A.* He always kept a gig.—*Thurtell's Trial.*

**Rest.**—Absence of occupation is not REST.
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.—COWPER, *Retirement.*

— Silken REST
Tie all my cares up.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Four Plays in One*, sc. 3.

**Retreat.**—In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave RETREAT.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto iii. l. 607.

**Retreat.**—'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of RETREAT
To peep at such a world.—COWPER, *The Task*, book iv. l. 88.

**Revelry.**—Midnight shout and REVELRY,
Tipsy dance and jollity.—MILTON, *Comus*, l. 103.

— There was a sound of REVELRY by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then,
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iii. st. 21.

**Revels.**—Our REVELS now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPERE, *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1.

**Revenge.**— REVENGE, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. l. 171.

— Sweet is REVENGE—especially to women.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto i. st. 124.

**Revolutions.**—Vain REVOLUTIONS, why lavish your cruelty on the great? Oh that we—we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water—had been swept away, so that the proud might learn what the world would be without us!—LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons*.

**Rhetoric.**—For RHETORIC he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 81.

**Rhine.**—The river RHINE, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?—COLERIDGE, *Cologne*.

**Rhyme.**— He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty RHYME.—MILTON, *Lycidas*.

— RHYME the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 463.

**Rhyme nor Reason.**—*Pierre Patelin*, quoted by TYNDALE (1530). SPENSER *On his Promised Pension*. PEELE, *Edward I.* SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v. sc. 5; *Comedy of Errors*, act ii. sc. 2. Sir Thomas More advised an author, who had sent him a manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." This being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme: before it was neither RHYME NOR REASON."

**Rhyming.**—I was not born under a RHYMING planet.
SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado*, act v. sc. 2.

**Riband.**—A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this RIBAND bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
E. WALLER, *On a Girdle.*

**Rich.**—Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither RICH nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
POPE, *To Arbuthnot*, l. 169.

— RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
MOORE, *Rich and Rare.*

**Riches.**—Let none admire
That RICHES grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.—MILTON, book i. l. 690.

**Right.**—The RIGHT divine of kings to govern wrong.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, book iv. l. 188.

— Whatever is, is RIGHT.—*Ibid.*, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 294.

**Righteous.**—Be not RIGHTEOUS overmuch.—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 16.

**Rights of Man.**—They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the RIGHTS OF MAN.—ED. BURKE, *On the Army Estimates.*

**Roads.**—Had you but seen these ROADS before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless General Wade.
Attributed to CAPTAIN GROSE by CAUFIELD.

**Robb'd.**—He that is ROBB'D, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

**Robbing.**—By ROBBING Peter he paid Paul . . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.—RABELAIS, book i. ch. 5.

**Robin-Redbreast**—Call for the ROBIN-REDBREAST and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
WEBSTER, *The White Devil*, act i. sc. 2.

**Robinson, Jack.**—A name used in the phrase "Before one could say JACK ROBINSON," meaning a very short time. This saying is said by Grose to have originated from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation who would call on his neighbours and be gone before his name could be announced. The following lines "from an old play" are elsewhere given as the original phrase:—

"A warke it ys as easie to be doone,
As tys to saye, *Jack! robys on.*"

**Rocket.**—The final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he rose like a ROCKET, he fell like the stick.—THOMAS PAINE, *Letter to the Addressers.*

**Rod.**—Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the ROD and spoil the child.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. canto i. l. 843.

**Rogues.**—When ROGUES fall out, honest men get their own. In a case before Sir Matthew Hale, the two litigants unwittingly let out, that at a former period, they had, in conjunction, leased a ferry to the injury of the proprietor, on which Sir Matthew made the above remark.

**Roman.**—I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a ROMAN.—SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3.

**Rome.**—In the most high and palmy state of ROME,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 1.

— While stands the Coliseum, ROME shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls,—the World.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. 145.

— When they are at ROME, they do there as they see done.—BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sec. 4, mem. 2, subs. 1. St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had began to fast at Rome on Saturday), he consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome I do fast on Saturday." "Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato; quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato."—ST. AUGUSTINE, *Epistle XXXVI. to Casulanus.*

**Room.**—Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample ROOM, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
GRAY, *The Bard*, II. 1, line 1.

**Rose.**—'Tis the last ROSE of summer,
Left blooming alone.—MOORE, *Last Rose of Summer.*

**Ross, Man of.**—Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, epistle iii. l. 250.

**Round Table.**—A huge circular marble table, at which, according to the old romancers, King Arthur and his knights were accustomed to sit. Some say there were only thirteen seats around it, in memory of the thirteen apostles. Twelve only were occupied, and by knights of the highest fame. The thirteenth represented the seat of the traitor Judas. According to others there were seats for fifty or sixty, and an empty place was left for the sangreal.

**Rowland for an Oliver.**—Rowland and Oliver were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers that from thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "ROWLAND FOR HIS OLIVER," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. —THOMAS WARBURTON.

**Rubicon.**—Passing the RUBICON. *Taking up a decisive position.* The Rubicon was a small stream in the northern boundary of Italy, which the Roman generals were prohibited from passing while in command of an armed force. Cæsar crossed it at the breaking out of the civil war.

**Rubies.**—Some asked me where the RUBIES grew
And nothing I did say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
HERRICK, *The Rock of Rubies and Quarrie of Pearls.*

**Ruffles.**—Give RUFFLES to a man who wants a shirt.—SORBIERE, *The French Anas.* TOM BROWN, *Laconics.*

— Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them RUFFLES, when wanting a shirt.
GOLDSMITH, *The Haunch of Venison.*

**Rump Parliament.**—A derisive epithet applied to a remnant of the famous Long Parliament of England, which re-assembled on the 6th of May, 1659, after the dissolution of the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell on the 27th of January, and dissolved by him on the 22nd of April of the same year.

## S.

**Sabbath.**—Hail SABBATH! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
GRAHAME, *The Sabbath*, l. 40.

**Sack.**—Oh monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of SACK!
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.* part 1, act ii. sc. 4.

**Safe Bind.**—Dry sun, dry wind,
SAFE BIND, safe find.—TUSSER, *Points of Husbandry.*

**Saint.**—SAINT abroad, and a devil at home.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*, part 1.

— 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A SAINT in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. i. l. 135.

**Saints.**—That SAINTS will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!
COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, conclusion of part i.

**Salt.**—Alas! you know the cause too well
The SALT is spilt, to me it fell.—GAY, *Fable* 37.

**Sambo.**—A cant designation of the negro race. No race has ever shown such capabilities of adaptation to varying soil and circumstances as the negro. Alike to them the snows of Canada, the hard, rocky land of New England, or the gorgeous profusion of the Southern States. SAMBO and Cuffey expand under them all.—*H. B. Stowe.*

**Sang.**—Perhaps it may turn out a SANG,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.—BURNS, *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

**Sangreal.**—A vessel made of a single precious stone (usually said to be an emerald), from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which he was pierced at the crucifixion. It is fabled to have been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. Various miraculous properties are attributed to this dish, such as the power of prolonging life, preserving chastity, and the like; and it is a frequent subject of allusion in some of the old romances as an object in search of which numerous knights-errant, particularly those of the Round Table, spent their lives.

**Satan.**—Get thee behind me, SATAN.—*Matthew*, xvi. 23.

— High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
SATAN exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ii. l. 1.

— SATAN; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.—*Ibid.*, book v. l. 658.

— SATAN trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
COWPER, *Exhortation to Prayer.*

**Satanic School, The.**—A name often given to a class of writers whose productions are thought to be characterised by an impatience of all restraint, a disgust at the whole constitution of society, an impassioned and extravagant strain of sentimentality, and a presumptuous scorn of all moral rules, as well as of the holiest truths of religion. Southey, in the preface to his "Vision of Judgment," was the first to use this degrading appellation. Of the writers who have been included under it, Byron, Shelley, Moore, Bulwer, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Paul de Kock, and Georges Sand are the most prominent.

**Satire.**—SATIRE or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
POPE, *To Arbuthnot*, l. 307.

— SATIRE should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.
LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

— SATIRE'S my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.
POPE, *Horace*, Satire i. book ii. l. 69.

**Sauce.**—What is SAUCE for the goose is sauce for the gander.
TOM BROWN, *New Maxims*, vol. iv. p. 123.

**Saul.**—The young king SAUL was very tall,
And never king was taller;
But tho' King Saul was very tall,
Far better kings were smaller.
For all his size, he was not wise;
Nor was he long anointed
Ere people said, with shaking head,
"We're sadly disappointed."—ANON.

**Sawney.**—A sportive designation applied by the English to the Scotch. It is a corruption of *Sandie*, the Scottish abbreviation of *Alexander*.

**Sawney.**—I muse how any man can say that the Scotch, as a people, are deficient in humour! Why, SAWNEY has a humour of his own so strong and irrepressible that it broke out all the stronger in spite of worldly thrift, kirk-session, cutty-stool, and lectures.
HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

**Say.**—Though I SAY it that should not say it.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Wit at Several Weapons*, act ii. sc. 2. FIELDING, *The Miser*, act iii. sc. 2. CIBBER, *Rival Fools*, act ii.; *Fall of British Tyranny*, act iv. sc. 2.

**Scandal.**—Her tea she sweetens as she sips with SCANDAL.
S. ROGERS, *Epil. written for Mrs. Siddons.*

— No SCANDAL about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.
SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, act. ii. sc. 1.

**Scandals.**—And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal SCANDALS fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
STEPHEN HARVEY, *Juvenal.*

**Scarecrows.**—A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such SCARECROWS. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*, Part i. act iv. sc. 2.

**Scars.**—He jests at SCARS that never felt a wound.
*Ibid.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, act. ii. sc. 2.

**Scene.**— View each well-known SCENE:
Think what is now, and what hath been.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto vi. st. 2.

**Schemes.**—The best laid SCHEMES o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.—BURNS, *To a Mouse.*

**Schoolmaster.**—Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The SCHOOLMASTER is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.—LORD BROUGHAM, *Speech*, January 29, 1828.

**Scion.**—SCION of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. 168.

**Scotland.**—Stands SCOTLAND where it did?
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

**Sea.**—Although its heart is rich in pearls and ores,
The SEA complains upon a thousand shores:
Sea-like we moan for ever.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

— Praise the SEA, but keep on land.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum.*

— The SEA! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!—B. W. PROCTOR, *The Sea.*

— We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent SEA.—COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, pt. ii.

**Sear.**— My way of life
Is fall'n into the SEAR, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 3.

**See.**—O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others SEE us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS, *To a Louse.*

— To SEE, and eek for to be seye.
CHAUCER, *The Wif of Bathes Prologue*, l. 6134.

— To SEE and to be seen.—BEN JONSON, *Epithalamion*, st. 3. l. 4. DRYDEN, *Ovid's Art of Love*, bk. i. l. 109. GOLDSMITH, *Citizen of the World*, letter 71.

**Seem.**—Men should be what they SEEM.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

**Seigniors.**—Most potent, grave, and reverend SEIGNIORS,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.—*Ibid.*, act i. sc. 3.

**Self-love.**—SELF-LOVE, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.—SHAKESPERE, *King Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 4.

**Sense.**—What thin partitions SENSE from thought divide.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. i. l. 226.

**Sentiment.**—SENTIMENTS! Don't tell me of sentiment. What have I to do with sentiment?—MURPHY, *The Apprentice*, act i.

**Serpent.**—Now will I show myself to have more of the SERPENT than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.
MARLOWE, *The Jew of Malta*, act ii.

— The trail of the SERPENT is over them all.
MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

**Servant.**—A SERVANT with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.—G. HERBERT, *The Elixir.*

— SERVANT of God, well done.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. vi. l. 29.

**Serve.**— Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also SERVE who only stand and wait.
*Ibid.*, *On his Blindness.*

**Seven Champions of Christendom.**—St. George, the patron saint of England; St. Denis, of France; St. James, of Spain; St. Anthony, of Italy; St. Andrew, of Scotland; St. Patrick, of Ireland; and St. David, of Wales. They are often alluded to by old writers. "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom" is the work of Richard Johnson, a ballad-maker of some note at the end of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries.

**Shadow.**— Hence, horrible SHADOW!
Unreal mockery, hence!—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Shadows.**—By the apostle Paul, SHADOWS to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.
*Ibid.*, *King Richard III.*, act v. sc. 3.

— Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like SHADOWS, so depart.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

— The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what SHADOWS we are, and what shadows we pursue.—EDMUND BURKE, *Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.*

**Shaft.**—O, many a SHAFT, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart's that broken.
SCOTT, *Lord of the Isles*, canto v. st. 18.

**Shakespere.**—*Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.
*Lady Bab.* Then you have an immense pleasure to come.
J. TOWNLEY, 1778, *High Life below Stairs*, act ii. sc. 1.

— Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPERE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.
BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespere.*

— He was not of an age, but for all time.—*Ibid.*

— Sweet swan of Avon!—*Ibid.*

— Under a starry-pointing pyramid.
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
MILTON, *Epitaph on Shakespere*, l. 4.

**Shallow.**—A country Justice, in Shakespere's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the Second Part of "King Henry the Fourth."

—"A nurse of this century is as wise as a justice of the quorum and custalorum in SHALLOW'S time."—*Macaulay.*

**Shape.**—Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable SHAPE,
That I will speak to thee.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

— The other SHAPE—
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ii. l. 665.

— Whence and what art thou, execrable SHAPE?—*Ibid.*, l. 681.

— SHAPES that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid.—WORDSWORTH, *Dion.*

**Sheet.**—A wet SHEET and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

**Shepherd's Boy.**—Here's a SHEPHERD'S BOY, piping as though he never should be old.—SIDNEY, *Arcadia*, book i.

**Shilling.**—Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid SHILLING.—J. PHILLIPS, *The Splendid Shilling.*

**Shriek.**—A solitary SHRIEK, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto i. st. 53.

**Shrine.**—SHRINE of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?—*Ibid.*, *The Giaour*, l. 106.

**Sick.**—They are as SICK that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 2.

**Sick Man of the East.**—A name popularly given to the Turkish empire, which, under Soliman the Magnificent (1495–1566), reached the summit of its prosperity, and has ever since steadily declined. At the present day, Turkey is mainly indebted for its existence to the support of foreign powers. The expression, "SICK MAN," as applied to Turkey, originated with the emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1844.

**Sighed.**—SIGHED and looked, and sighed again.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 120.

— SIGHED and looked unutterable things.
THOMSON, *The Seasons: Summer*, l. 1188.

**Sight.**—Visions of glory, spare my aching SIGHT!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
GRAY, *The Bard*, III. i. l. 11.

**Sights.**—Such SIGHTS as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespere, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 129.

**Silence.**—SILENCE in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *The Silent Lover*, v. 6.

**Silent Sister, The.**—A name given to Trinity College, Dublin, on account of the little influence it exerts in proportion to its resources.

— Neither Oxford nor Cambridge. I am certain, would blush to own my labours in this department (classic criticism and exegesis), and yet I was an alumnus of her whom they used to style the SILENT SISTER.—KEIGHTLEY.

**Silent Sister.**—Trinity College itself held its ground and grew wealthy only to deserve the name of the SILENT SISTER, while its great endowments served effectually to indemnify it against the necessity of conforming to the conditions under which alone its example could be useful to the whole nation.—GOLDWIN SMITH.

**Simile.**—One SIMILE that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
POPE'S *Horace*, epistle i. book ii. l. 111.

**Sinews of War, The.**—Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his "Life of Bion" (lib. iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher as saying "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state."

**Sing.**—Oh she will SING the savageness out of a bear.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act iv. sc. 1.

**Singers.**— Let the singing SINGERS
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself.—HENRY CAREY, *Chronon.*, act i. sc. 1.

**Sins.**—Compound for SINS they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

**Six Hundred Pounds.**—I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, SIX HUNDRED POUNDS a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.
SWIFT, *Imitation of Horace*, book ii. sat. 6.

**Sixpence.**—I give thee SIXPENCE! I will see thee d—d first.
G. CANNING, *Friend of Humanity.*

**Slander.**— No, 'tis SLANDER,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.
SHAKESPERE, *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Slanderous.**—Done to death by SLANDEROUS tongues.
*Ibid.*, *Much Ado*, act v. sc. 3.

**Slave.**—I would not have a SLAVE to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
COWPER, *Task*, l. 29.

**Slaves.**—SLAVES cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.—*Ibid.*, bk. ii. l. 40.

**Sleep.**—Death's half-brother, SLEEP.—DRYDEN, *The Æneid*, book vi.

— Now blessings light on him that first invented SLEEP! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot.—CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*, part ii. ch. 67.

— O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, pt. v.

— SLEEP, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 2.

— SLEEP the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, canto 1, st. 31.

— SLEEP that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.
SHAKESPERE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2.

— Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy SLEEP!
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, Night i. l. 1.

**Slippery.**—He that stands upon a SLIPPERY place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.
SHAKESPERE, *King John*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Sluggard.**—'Tis the voice of the SLUGGARD, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
WATTS, *The Sluggard.*

**Smell.**—A very ancient and fish-like SMELL.
SHAKESPERE, *Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2.

— The rankest compound of villainous SMELL that ever offended nostril.—*Ibid.*, *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. 5.

**Smile.**—One may SMILE and smile, and be a villain.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

**Smiles.**— SMILES from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. l. 239.

**Snake.**—We have scotch'd the SNAKE, not kill'd it.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 2.

**Snug.**—Here Skugg
Lies SNUG
As a bug
In a rug.—B. FRANKLIN, *Letter to Miss Georgina Shipley.*

**Socrates.**—SOCRATES . . .
Whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men.—MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, book iv. l. 274.

**Solitude.**—In SOLITUDE, where we are *least* alone.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iii. st. 90.

— I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is SOLITUDE!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet.
COWPER, *Retirement*, l. 739.

— O SOLITUDE! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?—*Ibid.*, *Alexander Selkirk.*

— SOLITUDE sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. l. 249.

**Something.**—There's SOMETHING in a flying horse,
And something in a huge balloon.
WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, Prol. st. 4.

**Son.**—And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a SON.
DRYDEN, *Achitophel.*

**Song.**—Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a SONG?
PRIOR, *A Better Answer.*

— Soft words, with nothing in them, make a SONG.
WALLER, *To Creech*, l. 10.

— Unlike my subject now shall be my SONG,
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long.
CHESTERFIELD, *Impromptu Lines.*

**Sophonisba.**—O SOPHONISBA! Sophonisba, O!
THOMSON, *Sophonisba*, act iii. sc. 2.

*** In the second edition this line was altered to "O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine." The wags of the day parodied the original lines, "O Jamie Thomson! Jamie Thomson, O!"

**Sorrow.**— Down, thou climbing SORROW!
Thy element's below.—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear.*

— Give SORROW words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
*Ibid.*, *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

— Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no SORROW that Heaven cannot heal.
MOORE, *Come, ye Disconsolate.*

— The path of SORROW, and that path alone,
Leads to the lands where sorrow is unknown.
COWPER, *To an afflicted Protestant Lady.*

**Sorrow.**— This is the truth the poet sings,
That a SORROW'S crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall.*

**Sorrows.**— Here I and SORROWS sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
SHAKESPERE, *King John*, act iii. sc. 1

**Soul.**—Go, SOUL, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.—*The Lie.*

*** This poem is traced in manuscript to the year 1593. It first appeared in print in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence, beside the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of "Sir Walter Raleigh, his Lie."—CHAMBERS'S *Cyclopædia.*

— He had kept
The whiteness of his SOUL, and thus men o'er him wept.
BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of SOUL.
POPE, *Satire.*

— I am positive I have a SOUL; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.—STERNE, *Sentimental Journey.*

**Souls.**—Our SOULS sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.
DRYDEN, *Marriage à la Mode*, act. ii. sc. 1.

**Sovereign.**—When I forget my SOVEREIGN, may my God forget me.—LORD THURLOW, 27 *Parl. Hist.* 680; *Ann. Reg.* 1789.

**Sow.**—Wrong SOW by the ear.—BEN JONSON, *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 1. BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part ii. canto iii. line 580. COLMAN, *Heir-at-Law*, act i. sc. 1.

**Spade.**—Call a SPADE a spade.—PLUTARCH.

— "Never mind," said Philip, "the Macedonians are a blunt people; they call a SPADE a spade."—KENNEDY, *Demosthenes*, vol. i. p. 249.

**Sparrow.**—There's a special providence in the fall of a SPARROW.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2.

**Speech.**—SPEECH is silver, silence is gold.—*German Proverb.*

— SPEECH is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.—PLUTARCH, *Life of Themistocles.* BACON'S *Essays, On Friendship.*

**Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.**—Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.
VOLTAIRE, *Dialogue* xiv. *Le Chapon et la Poularde.*

— Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame, Satire* ii. l. 207.

*** The germ of the above saying is to be met with in Jeremy Taylor; South, Butler, Young, Lloyd, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

**Spider.**—The SPIDER'S touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, epistle i. l. 217.

— Much like a subtle SPIDER which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
SIR JOHN DAVIES (1570–1626), *The Immortality of the Soul.*

**Spire.**—Who taught the heaven-directed SPIRE to rise?
POPE, *Moral Essays*, epistle iii. l. 261.

**Spires.**—SPIRES whose "silent finger points to heaven."
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, bk. vi.

— Ye distant SPIRES, ye antique towers.
GRAY, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, st. 1.

**Spirit.**— I am thy father's SPIRIT;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

**Spirits.**—
*Glen.* I can call SPIRITS from the vasty deep.
*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, pt. i. act iii. sc. 1.

— Black SPIRITS and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth.*

**Spiritual.**—Millions of SPIRITUAL creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 677.

**Sport.**—SPORT that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.—*Ibid.*, *L'Allegro*, l. 31.

**Spot.**—Out, damnèd SPOT! out, I say!
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1.

**Spring.**—Come, gentle SPRING! ethereal mildness! come.
THOMSON, *The Seasons.*

— "Come, gentle SPRING! ethereal mildness! come."
O Thomson! void of rhyme as well as reason;
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season!—HOOD.

**Stage.**— All the world's a STAGE,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose, and pouch on side;

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
SHAKESPERE, *As you Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

— The world's a theatre, the earth a STAGE
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
T. HEYWOOD, *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

**Stairs.**— The great world's altar-STAIRS,
That slope through darkness up to God.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, liv.

**Stalking Horse.**—*A decoy.* Horses and other animals are trained to pretend to be eating while sportsmen shoot at their game from the off-side.

**Star.**—The STAR that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold.—MILTON, *Comus.*

— Thy soul was like a STAR, and dwelt apart.
WORDSWORTH, *London*, 1802.

**Stars.**— At whose sight all the STARS
Hide their diminish'd heads.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. iv. l. 34.

— Ye little STARS! hide your diminish'd rays.
POPE, *Moral Essays.*

— The sentinel STARS set their watch in the sky.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream.*

**State.**—A thousand years scarce serve to form a STATE;
An hour may lay it in the dust.—BYRON, *Childe Harold.*

— Greatest scandal waits on greatest STATE.
SHAKESPERE, *Lucrece.*

— I have done the STATE some service, and they know it:—
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum.—*Ibid.*, *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

**State.**—What constitutes a STATE?

. . . . . .
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.
. . . . . .
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
SIR W. JONES, *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

**Steal.**—Convey, the wise it call. STEAL? foh! a fico for the phrase!
SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives*, act i. sc. 3.

— STEAL! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.—SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, act i. sc. 1.

**Steel.**—My man's as true as STEEL.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4.

**Stenches.**—I counted two-and-seventy STENCHES,
All well defined, and several stinks.—COLERIDGE, *Cologne.*

**Stephen.**—King STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

**Stone.**—The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious STONE to beauty grew.
EMERSON, *The Problem.*

— The STONE that is rolling can gather no moss.
TUSSER, *Good Husbandry.*

**Storm.**—Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless STORM,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?
SHAKESPERE, *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Story.**—Aye free, aff-han' your STORY tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.—BURNS, *To a Young Friend.*

**Story.**—STORY! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
G. CANNING, *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

**Stranger.**—He that is surety for a STRANGER shall smart for it.
*Proverbs* xi. 15.

**Streamlet.**—No check, no stay, this STREAMLET fears
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows.—WORDSWORTH, *The Fountain.*

**Streams.**—You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large STREAMS from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
D. EVERETT, *Lines written for a School Declamation.*

**Strength.**— O! it is excellent
To have a giant's STRENGTH; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 2.

**Strike.**—STRIKE—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, *Marco Bozzaris.*

— STRIKE, but hear. Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike, if you will, but hear."—PLUTARCH, *Life of Themistocles.*

— STRIKE while the iron is hot.—JOHN WEBSTER, *Westward Ho*, act ii. sc. 1. FARQUHAR, *The Beaux' Strategem*, act iv. sc. 1.

**Strings.**—'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two STRINGS unto your bow.
CHURCHILL, *The Ghost*, book iv.

**Strokes.**—Many STROKES, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry VI.*, part iii. act ii. sc. 1.

**Stump Orator.**—*A vulgar speaker.* An American expression, derived from Congress candidates addressing the electors from the stumps of trees. The tub-orators, who spoke from inverted casks in Swift's time, is an equivalent English phrase.

**Style.**—STYLE is the dress of thoughts.—CHESTERFIELD, *Letter*, Nov. 24, 1749.

**Style.**—Such laboured nothings, in so strange a STYLE,
Amazed th' unlearned, and make the learnèd smile.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 126.

**Sublime.**—The SUBLIME and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.—T. PAINE, *Age of Reason*, part ii.

**Success.**—'Tis not in mortals to command SUCCESS,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
ADDISON, *Cato*, act i. sc. 2.

**Sunbeams.**—He had been eight years upon a project for extracting SUNBEAMS out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.—SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels*.

**Sunless.**—How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the SUNLESS land!
WORDSWORTH, *On the Death of Hogg*.

**Sunshine.**—SUNSHINE, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still.
MOORE, *The Fire Worshippers*.

**Sweetness.**—The two noblest things, which are SWEETNESS and light.
SWIFT, *Battle of the Books*.

**Sweets.**—SWEETS to the sweet: farewell!
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

— The fly that sips treacle is lost in the SWEETS.
GAY, *The Beggars' Opera*, act ii. sc. 2.

**Swithin, St.** — Bishop of Winchester, and tutor to King Alfred, canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. He is said to have wrought many miracles, the most celebrated being a rain of forty days' continuance, by which he testified his displeasure at an attempt of the monks to bury him in the chancel of the minster, instead of the open churchyard, as he had directed. Hence the popular superstition, that if it rain on St. Swithin's day (July 15), it will rain for forty days thereafter.

**Swore.**—"Our armies SWORE terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this."—STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iii. chap. xi.

**Syllables.**—SYLLABLES govern the world.—SELDEN, *Power*.

## T.

**Taffy.**—A sobriquet for a Welshman, or for the Welsh collectively. The word is a corruption of David, one of the most common of Welsh names.

**Taken.**—When TAKEN
To be well shaken.—G. COLMAN, *The Newcastle Apothecary.*

**Tale.**—And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a TALE.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

— And thereby hangs a TALE.
*Ibid.*, *Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 1.

— And what so tedious as a twice-told TALE?
POPE, *Odyssey*, bk. xii. last line.

— I could a TALE unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act. i. sc. 5.

— O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A TALE in everything.—WORDSWORTH, *Simon Lee.*

**Task.**—And now my TASK is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run.—MILTON, *Comus*, line 1012.

— Each morning sees some TASK begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

**Tea.**—TEA! thou soft, thou sober sage and venerable liquid; thou female-tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life, let me fall prostrate.—COLLEY CIBBER, *The Lady's Last Stake*, act i. sc. 1.

**Tear.**—O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular TEAR!
SHAKESPERE, *A Lover's Complaint*, st. xlii.

— The TEAR down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
SCOTT, *Rokeby*, canto iv. st. 11.

— That very law which moulds a TEAR
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
S. ROGERS, *To a Tear.*

**Tears.**—And often did beguile her of her TEARS,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act i. sc. 3.

— Her briny TEARS did on the paper fall.
COWLEY, *To the Reader*, verse 2.

— If you have TEARS, prepare to shed them now.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 2.

— More TEARS are shed in playhouses than in churches.
GUTHRIE, *Gospel in Ezekiel*, chap. xv.

— TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, canto iv.

— The big round TEARS
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.—SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 1.

**Teeth.**—For her TEETH, where there is one of ivory, its neighbor is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord.—SHERIDAN, *The Duenna*, act ii. sc. 3.

**Temper.**— Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble TEMPER should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.—SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar*, act i. sc. 2.

**Tenor.**—Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless TENOR of their way.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**Text.**—You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of TEXT shall meander through a meadow of margin.—SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, act i. sc. 1.

**Thanks.**—I can no other answer make but THANKS,
And thanks; and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.
SHAKESPERE, *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 3.

**Thievery.**— I'll example you with THIEVERY:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
*Ibid.*, *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 3.

**Think.**—THINK of that, Master Brook.
*Ibid.*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5.

— Who dares THINK one thing, and another tell
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.
POPE, *Homer's Iliad*, bk. ix. l. 412.

**Thinking.**—THINKING is but an idle waste of thought;
For naught is everything, and everything is naught.
SMITH, *Rejected Addresses* (Imitation of Lord Byron).

**Thought.**—Annihilating all that's made
To a green THOUGHT in a green shade.—AND. MARVELL.

— The dome of THOUGHT, the palace of the Soul.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto ii. st. 6.

**Thoughts.**—To me the meanest flower that blows can give
THOUGHTS that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH, *Immortality*, st. 11.

— To their own second and sober THOUGHTS.
MATHEW HENRY, *Exposition*, Job vi. 29.

**Thrones.**—THRONES, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book v. line 601.

**Thunder.**—They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my THUNDER.—JOHN DENNIS, 1734.

**Thwack.**—With many a stiff THWACK, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto ii. line 831.

**Tide.**—Nae man can tether time or TIDE,
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride.
BURNS, *Tam o' Shanter.*

— There is a TIDE in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc 3.

**Timbrel.**—Sound the loud TIMBREL o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
MOORE, *Sound the Loud Timbrel.*

**Time.**—Dost thou love life, then do not squander TIME, for that is the stuff life is made of.—B. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard.*

— Panting TIME toil'd after him in vain.
DR. JOHNSON, *A Prologue.*

— The flood of TIME is setting on,
We stand upon its brink.—SHELLEY, *Revolt of Islam*, st. 27.

— The inaudible and noiseless foot of TIME.
SHAKESPERE, *All's Well*, act v. sc. 3.

— There's a gude TIME coming.—SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, ch. xxxii.

— The TIME is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

— Thus the whirligig of TIME brings in his revenges.
*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night*, act v. sc. 1.

— TIME rolls his ceaseless course.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, canto iii. st. 1.

— TIME will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
LONGFELLOW, *It is not always May.*

— Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of TIME,
That only treads on flowers.—W. R. SPENCER, 1770–1834.

**Title.**—A successive TITLE, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.—DRYDEN, *Absalom.*

**Tobacco.**—Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress;
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!
BYRON, *The Island*, canto ii. st. 19.

— Sublime TOBACCO! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
*Ibid.*, canto ii. st. 19.

— Divine TOBACCO.—SPENSER, *Fairy Queen*, bk. iii. canto v. v. 32.

— What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of TOBACCO.—FIELDING, *The Grub Street Opera*, act iii. sc. i.

**To be.**—To BE, or not to be; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more: and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 1.

**To-day.**—Be wise TO-DAY; 'tis madness to defer.
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts*, Night i. line 390.

— Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call TO-DAY his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
DRYDEN, *Imitation of Horace*, book i. ode 29, l. 65.

**Tomb.**—E'en from the TOMB the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.—GRAY, *Elegy.*

**To-morrow.**—Boast not thyself of TO-MORROW, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 1.

— TO-MORROW is a satire on to-day
And shows its weakness.—DR. YOUNG, *Old Man's Relapse.*

— TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 5.

— TO-MORROW to fresh woods and pastures new.
MILTON, *Lycidas*, l. 193.

**Tongue.**—That man that hath a TONGUE, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen*, act iii. sc. 1.

— The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy TONGE.
CHAUCER, *The Manciple's Tale*, l. 17281.

**Tongues.**—From the strife of TONGUES.—*Psalm* xxxi. 20.

**Toothache.**—For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the TOOTHACHE patiently.
SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado*, act. v. sc. 1.

**Trade.**—Two of a TRADE seldom agree.—RAY'S *Proverbs.* MURPHY, *The Apprentice*, act iii. GAY, *Old Hen and the Cock.*

**Translated.**—Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art TRANSLATED.
SHAKESPERE, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 1.

**Treason.**—Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it TREASON.
Sir J. HARRINGTON, *Epigrams*, bk iv. ep. 5.

**Tree.**—In the place where the TREE falleth, there it shall be.
*Ecclesiastes* xi. 3.

**Trick.**—I know a TRICK worth two of that.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, part i. act ii. sc. 1.

**Trifle.**—Think naught a TRIFLE, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.—YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, satire vi. l. 208.

**Triton.**—A TRITON among the minnows. *A giant among pigmies.* This is Shakesperian; but as the saying really is "Triton of the minnows," it has more of a satirical aspect than belongs to it as used by us. Triton was a sea deity—half man, half fish—who ruled the waves at pleasure.

**True blue.**—Presbyterian TRUE BLUE.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 191.

**Truth.**—And TRUTH severe, by fairy fiction drest.
GRAY, *The Bard*, iii. 3, l. 3.

— For TRUTH has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
DRYDEN, *The Hind and Panther*, l. 33.

— For TRUTH is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part ii. canto ii. l. 257.

— No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of TRUTH.—BACON, Essay 1, *Of Truth.*

— O, while you live, tell TRUTH, and shame the Devil.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, part i. act iii. sc. 1.

— 'Tis strange—but true; for TRUTH is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.—BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto xiv. st. 101.

— TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.—BRYANT, *The Battle-field.*

— TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—MILTON, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

**Truth.**—Who ever knew TRUTH put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?—*Ibid.*, *Areopagitica.*

— Yet TRUTH will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest:
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.
BYRON, *English Bards*, l. 839.

— I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of TRUTH lay all undiscovered before me.—NEWTON. *See* BREWSTER'S *Memoirs of Newton*, vol. ii. chap. 27.

— Pilate saith unto him, What is TRUTH?
St. John, chap. xviii. v. 38.

— TRUTH from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 179.

— Truth is TRUTH
To the end of reckoning.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

**Tub.**—Every TUB must stand upon its own bottom.—RAY'S *Proverbs*, BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.* MACKLIN, *Man of the World*, act i. sc. 2.

**Tweedledum.**—Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt TWEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee.
J. BYROM, 1762, *On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*

## U.

**Ugliness.**—Nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty: now there is something consoling and encouraging in UGLINESS.
R. B. SHERIDAN, *Duenna*, act ii. sc. 2.

**Unclasps.**—UNCLASPS her warmèd jewels one by one.
KEATS, *St. Agnes' Eve.*

**Uncle.**—Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor UNCLE me no uncle.
SHAKESPERE, *King Richard II.*, act ii. sc. 3.

**Unexpressive.**—The fair, the chaste, the UNEXPRESSIVE she.
*Ibid.*, *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.

**Union.**—A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The UNION of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union for ever!
G. P. MORRIS, *The Flag of our Union.*

**Uniting.**—By UNITING we stand, by dividing we fall.
DICKINSON, *Liberty Song* (1768).

**Unkennel.**—UNKENNEL the fox.
SHAKESPERE, *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. 3.

**Unlearn'd.**—Content if hence th' UNLEARN'D their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

**Unsung.**—There was a time, a blessèd time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled—UNSUNG.—MOTHERWELL, *Jeanie Morrison.*

**Unwashed.**—Another lean, UNWASHED artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
SHAKESPERE, *King John*, act iv. sc. 2

— Clubs upstairs,
To which the UNWASHED artificer repairs.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, l. 151.

**Unwept.**—UNWEPT, unhonoured, and unsung.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto vi. st. 1.

**Urchin.**—The shivering URCHIN, bending as he goes
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose.
COWPER, *Truth*, l. 143.

**Urns.**—The dead, but scept'red sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their URNS.—BYRON, *Manfred*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Use.**—USE can almost change the stamp of nature.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

— USE is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.
*Ibid.*, *Henry VI.*, part 1, act iii. sc. 1.

**Utterance.**—That large UTTERANCE of the early gods.
KEATS, *Hyperion*.

## V.

**Valet.**—No one is a hero to his VALET. This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné. On the authority of Madame Aisse, it belongs to Madame Cornuel.—*Lettres édit. J. Ravenal*, 1853. Few men are admired by their servants.—MONTAIGNE, *Essays*, book iii. ch. 11. When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this."—PLUTARCH, *De Iside et Osiride*, ch. xxiv.

**Valour.**—As much VALOUR is to be found in feasting as in fighting; and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good. and prove it.—BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part 1, sec. 2, mem. 2, subs. 2.

— Call old VALOUR from the grave.
BLOOMFIELD, *Banks of the Wye*, book ii.

— My VALOUR is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands.
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, act v. sc. 3.

**Vanille.**—You flavour everything; you are the VANILLE of society.
SYDNEY SMITH.

**Vanity.**—All is VANITY and vexation of spirit.— *Eccles.* i. 14.

**Vanity.**—And not a VANITY is given in vain.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Ep. ii. l. 290.

— The fool of VANITY; for her alone
He lives, loves, writes—and dies but to be known.
CANNING, *New Morality.*

— VANITY of vanities, saith the preacher; vanity of vanities: all is vanity.—*Eccles.* i. 2, and xii. 8.

**Vanity Fair.**—In Bunyan's spiritual allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress," this is the name of a fair which was held all the year round in the town of Vanity. "It beareth the name because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity (Ps. lxii. 9), and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity." *

**Variety.**—Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in VARIETY we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
POPE, *Windsor Forest*, l. 13.

— VARIETY alone gives joy;
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
PRIOR, *The Turtle and Sparrow*, l. 234.

— VARIETY'S the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.
COWPER, *The Task*, book ii.; *The Timepiece*, l. 606.

**Vase.**—You may break, you may shatter the VASE, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
MOORE, *Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour.*

* The origin and history of this fair are thus described: "Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair—a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair, are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not. And, moreover, at this fair, there is, at all times, to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, fools, knaves, rogues, and that of every kind. . . . Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world."

Thackeray has made use of the name of Vanity Fair as the title of his satirical novel.

**Venice.**—Where VENICE sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. 1.

**Venus.**—A VENUS rising from a sea of jet.
WALLER, *Lines to the Countess of Carlisle.*

**Verbosity.**—He draweth out the thread of his VERBOSITY finer than the staple of his argument.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 1.

**Verge.**—Give ample room and VERGE enough.
GRAY, *The Bard*, v. 4, l. 3.

**Verse.**—And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal VERSE,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out.—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, l. 135.

— Curst be the VERSE, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
POPE, *To Arbuthnot.*

— My unpremeditated VERSE.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. l. 23.

— VERSE sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
R. GIFFORD, 1807, *Contemplation.*

— Who says in VERSE what others say in prose.
POPE, *Horace*, epistle i. book ii. l. 202.

— Wisdom married to immortal VERSE.
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, book vii.

**Vibrates.**—Music, when soft voices die,
VIBRATES in the memory.
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
SHELLEY.

**Vicar of Bray.**—A name originally given to the Rev. Symon Symonds, who was twice a Papist and twice a Protestant in four successive reigns, between 1533 and 1558. It is now commonly applied to one who deserts his party when it is no longer for his safety or his interest to remain in it.

**Vice.**—Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every VICE on Christian ground.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, bk. iv. l. 311.

**Vice.**—VICE gets more in this vicious world than piety.
FLETCHER, *Love's Cure*, act iii. sc. 1.

— VICE itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.
ED. BURKE.

— VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, epist. ii. l. 217.

— Who called thee vicious was a lying elf;
Thou art not vicious, for thou'rt VICE itself.
MARTIAL, *Ad Zoïlum.*

— Virtue itself turns VICE, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 3.

**Vices.**—The gods are just, and of our pleasant VICES
Make instruments to plague us.—*Ibid.*, *King Lear*, act v. sc. 3.

**Victim.**—Led like a VICTIM to my death I'll go,
And dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.
Attributed to DRYDEN.

**Victory.**—And either VICTORY, or else a grave.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*, pt. iii. sc. 2.

— "But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous VICTORY."—SOUTHEY, *Blenheim.*

— Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of VICTORY.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry VI.*, pt. iii. act v. sc. 3.

**Villain.**—My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a VILLAIN;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 5.

— VILLAIN and he be many miles asunder.
*Ibid.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

— Why, he's a VILLAIN,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example.
MASSINGER, *The Old Law.*

**Villanie.**—For VILLANIE maketh villanie,
And by his dedes a chorle is seine.
CHAUCER, *Romaunt of the Rose*, l. 2180.

**Villany.**—And thus I clothe my naked VILLANY
With old odd ends, stol'n out of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.
SHAKESPERE, *King Richard III.*, act i. sc. 3.

— The abstract of all VILLANY.—COTTON, *A Rogue.*

— Nothing is sacred now but VILLANY.
POPE, *Epis. to Sat.*, l. 170.

**Violet.**—A VIOLET by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.—WORDSWORTH, *She dwelt among, &c.*

**Violets.**—Weep no more, lady, weep no more:
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For VIOLETS plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
PERCY, *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

**Virginity.**—Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true VIRGINITY.
MILTON, *Comus*, l. 432.

**Virtue.**—A VIRTUE that was never seen in you.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, pt. i. act iii. sc. 1.

— Assume a VIRTUE, if you have it not.
*Ibid.*, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.

— If he does really think that there is no distinction between VIRTUE and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our house, let us count our spoons.—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*, an. 1763.

— Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"VIRTUE alone is happiness below."
POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 309.

— Oh, VIRTUE, I have followed you through life, and find you at last but a shade.
EURIPIDES, *Quoted by Brutus when dying at Philippi.*

— Or if VIRTUE feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.—MILTON, *Comus.*

**Virtue.**—Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
VIRTUE alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
YOUNG, *Night*, vi. l. 309.

— The first VIRTUE, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales, Manciple's Tale*, l. 226.

— VIRTUE alone is true nobility.
STEPNEY'S *Eighth Satire of Juvenal.*

— VIRTUE is bold, and goodness never fearful.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act iii. sc. 1.

— VIRTUE is her own reward.
DRYDEN, *Tyrannic Love*, act iii. sc. 1.

— VIRTUE is its own reward.—PRIOR, *Im. of Horace*, bk. iii. ode ii. GRAY, *Epistle to Methuen.* HOME, *Douglas*, act iii. sc. 1.

— VIRTUE is to herself the best reward.
HENRY MORE, *Cupid's Conflict.*

— VIRTUE is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—BACON, *Of Adversity.*

— VIRTUE only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 397.

— VIRTUE, though in rags, will keep me warm.
DRYDEN, *Horace*, l. 87.

— What cannot beauty, joined with VIRTUE, gain?
*Ibid.*, *Cock and Fox*, l. 82.

**Virtues.**— Besides, this Duncan,
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his VIRTUES
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
SHAKESPERE, *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 7.

— Be to her VIRTUES very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.—PRIOR, *An English Padlock.*

— In VIRTUES nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto i. st. 17.

**Virtues.**— Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy VIRTUES, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act i. sc. 1.

**Virtuous.**—The VIRTUOUS nothing fear but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.—LANSDOWNE.

**Visage.**—On his bold VISAGE middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, canto i. st. 21.

**Vision.**—I took it for a fairy VISION
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.—MILTON, *Comus*.

— 'Twas but a VISION, and visions are but vain.
DRYDEN, *Cock and Fox*, l. 242.

**Visions.**—I have seen VISIONS.
FLETCHER, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, act iv. sc. 3.

— VISIONS of glory, spare my aching sight.
GRAY, *The Bard*, pt. iii. st. 1.

**Vital Spark.**—VITAL SPARK of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
POPE, *The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

**Vocation.**—'Tis my VOCATION, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.—SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, pt. i. act i. sc. 2.

**Voice.**— Her VOICE was ever soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman.
*Ibid.*, *King Lear*, act v. sc. 3.

**Voice.**— The people's VOICE is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
POPE, *To Augustus*, bk. ii. ep. i. l. 89.

— And after the fire a still small VOICE.—1 *Kings* xix. 12.

— I hear a VOICE you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.—TICKELL, *Colin and Lucy.*

## W.

**Wager.**—For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a WAGER.—BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 27.

**Wagers.**—Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use WAGERS.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part ii. canto i. l. 297.

**Wake.**—WAKE the full lyre and swell the full tide of song.
HEBER, *Palestine.*

**Walnuts.**—Across the WALNUTS and the wine.
TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter.*

**Wanderers.**—But there are WANDERERS o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iii. st. 70.

**Want.**—Every WANT that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, l. 213.

— God forbid that such a scoundrel as WANT should dare to approach me.—SWIFT, *To Bolingbroke.*

— Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a WANT of books and men.
WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet*, xiii.

**War.**—Cease to consult, the time for action calls;
WAR, horrid war, approaches to your walls,
POPE, *Iliad*, book ii. l. 967.

— My sentence is for open WAR.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book ii. l. 51.

— Ez fer WAR, I call it murder,—
There you have it, plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testament for that.—LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

— My voice is still for WAR.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
ADDISON, *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

— One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
WAR's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, satire vii. line 55.

— To be prepared for WAR is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—WASHINGTON, *Speech to both Houses of Congress*, January 8, 1790.

— WAR even to the knife.

[This was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.]

— WAR, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, v. 5.

— WAR its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
BEILBY PORTEUS, *Death*, l. 178.

— WAR's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
COWPER, *The Task*, book v. *Winter Morning Walk*, l. 18.

— WAR, war, is still the cry,—"war even to the knife!"
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto i. st. 86.

— WAR, war, my noble father!
Thus I fling it;
And fair-eyed peace, farewell.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, act i. sc. 1.

— When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of WAR.
N. LEE, 1692.

**Water.**—As WATER spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.—2 *Samuel* xiv. 14.

— Here lies one whose name was writ in WATER.
KEATS, *Dictated for his own Epitaph.*

— Smooth runs the WATER where the brook is deep.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*, part ii. act iii. sc. 1.

— The conscious WATER saw its God and blushed.
R. CRASHAW, *Translation of Epigram on John II.*

— 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of WATER; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
Sir T. A. TALFOURD, *Ion.*

— Unstable as WATER thou shalt not excel.—*Genesis* xlix. 4.

— WATER, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, part ii.

**Waters.**—She walks the WATERS like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, canto i. st. 3.

**Wave.**— When you do dance, I wish you
A WAVE o' the sea, that you ever might do
Nothing but that.—SHAKESPERE, *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3

**Ways of God.**—Just are the WAYS OF GOD,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all.
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, l. 293.

— What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the WAYS OF GOD to men.
*Ibid.*, *Paradise Lost*, book i. l. 22.

**We.**—WE know what we are, but know not what we may be.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.

**Weakest.**—The WEAKEST goes to the wall.
*Ibid.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1.

**Wealth.**—The loss of WEALTH is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt.

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
J. HEYWOOD, *Be Merry Friends.*

— Whose WEALTH was want.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, book i. canto iv. stanza 29.

— Who would not wish to be from WEALTH exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt.
SHAKESPERE, *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 2.

**Weariness.**— WEARINESS
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—*Ibid.*, *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 6.

**Weary.**—There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the WEARY be at rest.—*Job* iii. 17.

**Weave.**—WEAVE the warp, and weave the woof.—GRAY, *The Bard.*

**Weaver.**—Zounds, sir! how came you to be a WEAVER of stockings?
HOLCROFT, *Road to Ruin*, act iii. sc. 2.

**Weep.**—Do not WEEP, my dear lady; your tears are too precious to be shed for me: bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.
STERNE, *Letter* 128.

— WEEP no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.—*The Friar of Orders Gray.*

**Weeping.**—"Say what remains when hope is fled?"
She answered, "Endless WEEPING."
ROGERS, *The Boy of Egremond*, l. 1.

**Welcome.**—A tableful of WELCOME makes scarce one dainty dish.
SHAKESPERE, *Comedy of Errors*, act iii. sc. 1.

— To say you are WELCOME, would be superfluous.
*Ibid.*, *Pericles*, act ii. sc. 3.

— WELCOME ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
*Ibid.*, *Troilus and Cressida*, act. iii. sc. 3.

— WELCOME the coming, speed the going guest.
POPE, *To Bethell*, sat. ii. l. 161.

**Welcome.**—Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us WELCOME peaceful evening in.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv.

**Wept.**—I wept him dead that living honoured me.
GREENE, *A Maiden's Dream*.

**Whale.**—Seamen have a custom when they meet a WHALE to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.—SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub*, *Preface*.

**What's What.**—He knew WHAT'S WHAT.—SKELTON, *Why come ye not to Courte?* BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. canto i. l. 149.

— He knew WHAT'S WHAT, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.—BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. canto 1.

**Whip.**—WHIP me such honest knaves.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act i. sc. 1.

**Whips.**—O tear me from the WHIPS and scorns of men.
SHENSTONE, *Elegy*, xx. v. 12.

**Whirlwind.**—And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the WHIRLWIND and directs the storm.
ADDISON, *The Campaign*, l. 291.

**Whispering.**—Cut men's throats with WHISPERING.
BEN JONSON, *Sejanus*, act i. sc. 1.

**Whistle.**—He has paid dear, very dear, for his WHISTLE.
B. FRANKLIN, *The Whistle* (Nov. 1719).

— Paying too dear for one's WHISTLE. *Making a bad bargain.* Pulleyn justly ascribes this saying to Franklin, but tells an apocryphal story as to a boatswain's whistle, seen by Franklin, when American *Chargé d'Affaires* in France. The origin is much more homely, and may be seen in any edition of Franklin's works. The great printer, when a boy, was so enamoured of a whistle, that he offered and gave all the money in his pocket for the coveted toy. Having paid three times its value, his brothers and sisters made game of him, and the incident suggested in after-life a short essay in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

— With mug in hand to wet his WHISTLE.
COTTON, *Virgil Travestie*, l. 6.

**Whistled.**—He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And WHISTLED as he went, for want of thought.
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*.

**Whistling.**—The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
WHISTLING aloud to bear his courage up.
BLAIR, *The Grave*, l. 58.

**White.**—Too nice to praise by wholesale or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, nor WHITE so very white.
CANNING, *Anti-Jacobin.*

**Why.**—Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every WHY he had a wherefore.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 131.

— The WHY is plain as way to parish church.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act. ii. sc. 7.

**Wicked.**—'Cause I's WICKED—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.—MRS. STOWE, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, chap. 20.

— The WICKED flee when no man pursueth.—*Prov.* xxviii. 1.

**Wicked Bible, The.**—A name given to an edition of the Bible published, in 1632, by Barker and Lucas, because the word *not* was omitted in the seventh commandment. The printers were called before the High Commission, fined heavily, and the whole impression destroyed.

**Widow.**—The WIDOW can bake, the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew.
ALLAN RAMSAY.

**Widows.**—WIDOWS are a study you will never be any proficient in.
FIELDING, *Love in several Masques*, act iv. sc. 9.

**Wife.**—All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,
A WIFE is the peculiar gift of heaven.
POPE, *January and May*, from Chaucer, l. 51.

— Of all the plagues, the greatest is untold,
The book-learned WIFE in Greek and Latin bold.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 1.

— You are my true and honourable WIFE.
DRYDEN, *Juvenal*, sat. vi.

**Will.**—He that complies against his WILL
Is of his own opinion still.—BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. iii. canto iii.

— He that WILL not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.
BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sc. ii.

**Will.**—In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a WILL, and wisdom finds a way.
CRABBE, *The Birth of Flattery.*

— She can't help her temper; and if she complies against her WILL, you know it is the more obliging in her.
FIELDING, *The Different Husbands*, act i. sc. 6.

**Wind.**—Blow, blow, thou winter WIND,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.—SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

— Blow, WIND! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
*Ibid.*, *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 5.

— Except WIND stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
TUSSER, *A Description of the Properties of Winds.*

— Ill blows the WIND that profits nobody.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*, part ii. act. v. sc. 3.

— Now sits the WIND fair, and we will aboard.
*Ibid.*, *Henry V.*, act ii. sc. 2.

— Take a straw and throw it up in the air, you may see by that which way the WIND is.—SELDEN, *Libels.*

— The WIND bloweth where it listeth.—*John* iii. 8.

— *Falstaff.* What WIND blew you hither, Pistol?
*Pistol.* Not the ill wind which blows none to good.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*, part ii. act v. sc. 3.

— What WIND hath blown him hither?
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

— Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the WIND.—*Psalm* xviii. 10.

**Winds.**—Blow WINDS, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow.
SHAKESPERE, *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 2.

— Breathe soft, ye WINDS! ye waves, in silence sleep.
GAY, *Epistle.*

— While rocking WINDS are piping loud.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 126.

**Windows.**—Ere I let fall the WINDOWS of mine eyes.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*, act iv. sc. 3.

— Rich WINDOWS that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.—GRAY, *A Long Story.*

**Windows.**—Storied WINDOWS richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.—MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, l. 159.

— WINDOWS of her mind.
CHALKHILL, *The Dwelling of Orandra.*

**Wine.**—*Cas.* Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.
*Iago.* Come, come; good WINE is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

— Good WINE needs no bush.—*Ibid.*, *As You Like It*, Epilogue.

— O thou invisible spirit of WINE, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil!—*Ibid.*, *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3.

— WINE and Truth, is the saying.—BUCKLEY, *Theocritus.*

**Wings.**—O that I had WINGS like a dove! then would I fly away and be at rest.—*Psalm* lv. 6.

**Winter.**—When great leaves fall, then WINTER is at hand.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*, act ii. sc. 3.

— WINTER comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.—THOMSON, *Winter*, l. 1.

— O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year.
COWPER, *Task; Winter Evening*, book iv.

**Wiredrawing.**—WIREDRAWING his words to a contrary sense.
FLORIO, *Montaigne's Essays*, book ii.

**Wisdom.**—Beauty is excelled by manly grace
And WISDOM, which alone is truly fair.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book iv. l. 490.

— Full oft we see
Cold WISDOM waiting on superfluous folly.
SHAKESPERE, *All's Well that Ends Well*, act i. sc. 1.

— So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto WISDOM.—*Psalm* xc. 12.

— The man of WISDOM is the man of years.
YOUNG, *Night* v. l. 775.

— To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime WISDOM.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book viii. l. 192.

— WISDOM begins at the end; remember it.
WEBSTER, *Duchess of Malfi*, act i. sc. 1.

**Wisdom.**— With WISDOM fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.
WALLER, *On the King's Return.*

— WISDOM is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.—WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, book iii.

— WISDOM married to immortal verse.—*Ibid.*, book vii.

**Wise.**—Fearfully WISE, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
CHURCHILL, *Night.*

— From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the WISE.
PRIOR, *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

— He is oft the wisest man,
Who is not WISE at all.
WORDSWORTH, *The Oak and the Broom.*

— So WISE, so young, they say, do never live long.
SHAKESPERE, *Richard III.*, act iii. sc. 1.

— The neighbours stared and sighed and blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous WISE, and some believed him mad.
BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, v. 16, l. 8.

— To each his sufferings; all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too softly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be WISE.—GRAY, *Eton College*, stanza 10.

**Wish.**—The WISH, that of the living whole,
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, liv. 1.

— Thy WISH was father, Harry, to that thought.
SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, part ii. act iv. sc. 4.

**Wishes.**— Like our shadows,
Our WISHES lengthen as our sun declines.
YOUNG, *Night*, v. l. 661.

— WISHES, at least, are the easy pleasures of the poor.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

**Wishing.**—WISHING, of all employments, is the worst,
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay.
YOUNG, *Night*, iv. l. 71.

**Wit.**—A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the WIT is out.—SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado*, act iii. sc. 5.

— A WIT with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
POPE, *Dunciad*, book iv. l. 90.

— Don't put too fine a point to your WIT, for fear it should get blunted.—CERVANTES, *The Little Gipsy* (*La Gitanilla*).

— His WIT invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.
COWPER, *Conversation*, l. 303.

— I am a fool, I know it; and yet, God help me, I'm poor enough to be a WIT.—CONGREVE, *Love for Love*, act i. sc. 1.

— I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that WIT is in other men.—SHAKESPERE, *King Henry IV.*, part ii. act i. sc. 2.

— I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own WIT till I break my shins against it.—*Ibid.*, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 4.

— Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In WIT a man, simplicity a child.—POPE, *Epitaph on Gay.*

— They have a plentiful lack of WIT.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

— True WIT is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 97.

— We grant, although he had much WIT,
He was very shy of using it.
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. l. 45.

— Whose WIT, in the combat, gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.
MOORE, *On the Death of Sheridan.*

— WIT and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
POPE, *On Criticism*, l. 82.

— WIT is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.—MURPHY, *The Apprentice.*

**Wit.**—WIT, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, l. 665.

— WIT's last edition is now i' th' press.
VAUGHAN, *Apostrophe to Fletcher.*

— WIT that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
POPE, *To Arbuthnot*, l. 333.

— You beat your pate, and fancy WIT will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.
*Ibid.*, *Epigram.*

**Wits.**—Great WITS are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
DRYDEN, *Achitophel*, part i. l. 163.

— Such short-lived WITS do wither as they grow.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

**Witty.**—WITTY as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not so fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass.
SYDNEY SMITH, *Impromptu on Jeffery.*

**Wizard of the North.**—A name often given to Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to the extraordinary charm and descriptive power of his writings, which excited unbounded enthusiasm on their first appearance, and which still retain a large measure of their original popularity.

**Woe.**—Alas! by some degree of WOE
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.—LORD LYTTELTON, *Song.*

— Bear about the mockery of WOE
To midnight dances, and the public show.
POPE, *Importunate Lady.*

— He scorned his own, who felt another's WOE.
CAMPBELL, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, pt. i. v. 24.

— But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of WOE.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet.*

**Woe.**—One WOE doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow.—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 7.

— The tame spectator of another's WOE.
HOOLE, *Metastatio Demophoon*, act i. sc. 3.

— Thus WOE succeeds woe as wave a wave.
HERRICK, *Hesperides, Aphorisms.*

— Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of WOE.—MOORE, *Anacreontic.*

— WOE unto you when all men shall speak well of you.
*St. Luke* vi. 26.

**Woes.**—It becomes one, while exempt from WOES, to look to the dangers.—SOPHOCLES.

— The graceful tear that streams for other's WOES.
AKENSIDE, *Pleasures of Imagination*, book i. l. 6.

— WOES cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train—they tread each other's heels.
YOUNG, *Night*, iii. l. 63.

**Wolf.**—It never troubles the WOLF how many the sheep be.
VIRGIL, *quoted by Bacon*, Ess. xxix.

— Like Haron and Ure,
The WOLF from the door,
To ward and to kepe,
From their ghostly shepe,
And their spiritual lammes.
SKELTON, *The Boke of Colin Clout*, l. 130.

**Wolfish.**—While yet our England was a WOLFISH den.
KEATS, *Endymion.*

**Woman.**—A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a WOMAN.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act i. sc. 1.

— A cunning WOMAN is a knavish fool.
LYTTELTON, *Advice to a Lady*, 1731.

— A WOMAN mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
SHAKESPERE, *Taming of the Shrew*, act v. sc. 2.

— But what is WOMAN? Only one of
Nature's agreeable blunders.
Mrs. COWLEY, *Who's the Dupe?* act ii. sc. 2.

**Woman.**—Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis WOMAN, woman rules us still.—MOORE, *Sovereign Woman.*

— Frailty, thy name is WOMAN!
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act i. sc. 2.

— Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a WOMAN scorned.
CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride*, act iii. sc. 8.

— How sweetly sounds the voice of a good WOMAN;
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.—MASSINGER, *The Old Law*, act iv. sc. 2.

— If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a WOMAN appears.
GAY, *The Beggars' Opera*, act ii. sc. 1.

— Men some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every WOMAN is at heart a rake.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, epistle ii. l. 215.

— My only books
Were WOMAN'S looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.—MOORE.

— Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
E. S. BARRETT, 1820, *Woman*, part i. ed. 1822.

— O WOMAN! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—SCOTT, *Marmion*, canto vi. st. 30.

— O WOMAN! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
OTWAY, *Venice Preserved*, act i. sc. 1.

— O WOMAN! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.—MOORE.

— Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A WOMAN'S noblest station is retreat.
LYTTELTON, 1731, *Advice to a Lady.*

**Woman.**—Shalt show us how divine a thing
A WOMAN may be made.—WORDSWORTH, *To a Young Lady.*

— The light that lies
In WOMAN'S eyes.—MOORE, *The Time I've Lost.*

— The man that lays his hand upon a WOMAN,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
JOHN TOBIN, *The Honeymoon*, act ii. sc. 1.

— The man who sets his heart upon a WOMAN
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;
From air he takes his colours—holds his life,—
Changes with every wind,—grows lean or fat,
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy,
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold!
Oh, woman! woman! thou shouldst have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!—LORD LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect WOMAN, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
WORDSWORTH, *She was a Phantom.*

— When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,
The WOMAN that deliberates is lost.
ADDISON, *Cato*, act iv. sc. 1.

— The world was sad, the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sighed—till WOMAN smil'd.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, l. 37.

— They may talk of the devotion of the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a WOMAN in love—with herself.
LORD LYTTON, *Lady of Lyons.*

— 'Tis WOMAN that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.
GAY, *The Beggars' Opera*, act i. sc. 1.

— To be slow in words is a WOMAN'S only virtue.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iii. sc. 1.

**Woman.**—What mighty ills have not been done by WOMAN?
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
OTWAY, *The Orphan*, act iii. sc. 1.

— When lovely WOMAN stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
GOLDSMITH, *On Woman* (*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xxiv.).

— Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And WOMAN'S plighted faith.—SOUTHEY, *Madoc*, st. 23.

— 'Tis not her hair, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other WOMAN.—WHITEHEAD, *A Song*.

— Trust not a WOMAN even when she's dead.—BUCKLEY.

— What's a table richly spread
Without a WOMAN at its head.
J. WHARTON, *Progress of Discontent*, l. 39.

— What will not WOMAN, gentle woman, dare
When strong affection stirs her spirit up.
SOUTHEY, *Madoc*, vol. i. part ii. p. 186.

— WOMAN'S at best a contradiction still.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, epistle ii. l. 270.

— WOMAN is the lesser man.—TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, st. 76.

— First, then, a WOMAN will, or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.
AARON HILL, 1750.

**Woman's Reason.**—I have no other but a WOMAN'S REASON; I think him so, because I think him so.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 2.

**Woman's Will.**—He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a WOMAN'S WILL.
SIR S. TUKE, 1673, *Adventures of Five Hours*, act v. sc. 3.

— Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a WOMAN'S WILL?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.
*Anonymous.*

**Women.**—As for the WOMEN, though we scorn and flout 'em,
We may live with, but cannot live without 'em.
DRYDEN, *The Wild*, act v. sc. 4.

— Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not WOMEN truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men.
BEN JONSON, *A Song*, *The Forest.*

— I've seen your stormy seas and stormy WOMEN,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
BYRON, *Sardanapalus.*

— Men must work, and WOMEN must weep.
KINGSLEY, *The Three Fishers.*

— Most WOMEN have no characters at all.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii. line 2.

— The WOMEN pardoned all except her face.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto v. st. 113.

— Two WOMEN placed together make cold weather.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VIII.*, act i. sc. 4.

— WOMEN, like princes, find few real friends.
LYTTELTON, *Advice to a Lady*, 1731.

**Women's Weapons.**—And let not WOMEN'S WEAPONS, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek.—SHAKESPERE, *King Lear*, act ii. sc. 4.

**Won.**—She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman; therefore to be WON.
*Ibid.*, *Henry VI.*, part i. sc. 3.

**Won.**—So fought, so followed, and so fairly WON.
SHAKESPERE, *Henry IV.*, part ii. act i. sc. i.

— Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour WON?
*Ibid.*, *Richard III.*, act i. sc. 2.

**Wonder.**—And he himself, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly down upon his knees,
And of his WONDER made religion.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, bk. iv. canto 6, st. 22.

— And still they gazed, and still the WONDER grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village*, l. 215.

**Wonder, Nine Days'.**—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Noble Gentleman*, act iii. sc. 4. QUARLES, *Emblems*, book i. viii.

**Wonderful.**—O WONDERFUL, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.

**Wonders.**—God moves in a mysterious way
His WONDERS to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.—COWPER.

— Prevailing poet, whose undoubted mind
Believed the magic WONDERS which he sung.
COLLINS, *On Fairfax.*

**Woo.**—Men are April when they WOO, December when they wed.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act iv. sc. 1.

**Wooden Wall.**—There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the WOODEN WALL.
LONGFELLOW, *By the Seaside.*

**Woodman.**—Forth goes the WOODMAN, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man:
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him.—COWPER, *Task*, book v. l. 41.

— WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
G. P. MORRIS, *Woodman, Spare that Tree.*

**Word.**—And but one WORD with one of us? Couple it with some thing. Make it a word and a blow.
SHAKESPERE, *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 1.

— He was the WORD, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.—DR. DONNE, *Divine Poems.*

— I'll take the ghost's WORD for a thousand pounds.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

— I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that WORD.
*Ibid.*, *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

— *Celia.* Not a WORD?
*Rosalind.* Not one to throw at a dog.
*Ibid.*, *As You Like It*, act i. sc. 3.

— *Mr. Dornton.* Read!
*Harry Dornton.* Your WORD is as good as the bank, sir.
HOLCROFT, *The Road to Ruin*, act i. sc. 3.

— So soon as the man overtook me, he was but a WORD and a blow, for down he knocked me and laid me for dead.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress.*

**Words.**—And WORDS came first, and after blows.
CHARLES LLOYD, *Speech of Courtney.*

— But WORDS are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto iii. st. 88.

— For of all sad WORDS of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
J. G. WHITTIER, *Maud Muller.*

— For WORDS are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.
T. HOBBES, *The Leviathan*, pt. i. ch. 4.

— Good WORDS are better than bad strokes.
SHAKESPERE, *Julius Cæsar.*

— Her WORDS but wind, and all her tears but water.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, book vi. canto vi. v. 42.

— He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy WORDS by adding fuel to the flame?
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

**Words.**—I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that WORDS *are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*—DR. JOHNSON, from *The Preface to his Dictionary.*

— Immodest WORDS admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.—EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

— In WORDS, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 133.

— My WORDS fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words, without thoughts, never to Heaven go.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 3.

— *Thurio.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
*Val.* I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of WORDS.
*Ibid.*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act ii. sc. 4.

— Soft WORDS with nothing in them make a song.
WALLER, *To McCreech*, l. 10.

— The WORDS of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.
SHAKESPERE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, act v. sc. 2.

— Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household WORDS,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
*Ibid.*, *Henry V.*, act iv. sc. 3.

— To those who know thee not, no WORDS can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
HANNAH MORE, *Sensibility.*

— What you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But WORDS once spoke can never be recalled.
ROSCOMMON, *Art of Poetry.*

— When I would pray and think, I think and pray,
To several subjects; heaven hath my empty WORDS.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. 4.

— WORDS are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.
—*Ibid.*, *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 1.

— WORDS are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 109.

**Words.**—WORDS are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.
DR. MADDEN, *Boulter's Monument. Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson*, 1745.

— WORDS beget anger; anger brings forth blows;
Blows make of dearest friends immortal foes.
HERRICK, *Hesperides.*

— WORDS, words, words!—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

**Work.**—Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on.
CIBBER, *Richard III.*, act iii. sc. 1.

— Who first invented WORK and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
. . . . . .
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
. . . . . .
Sabbathless Satan!—CHARLES LAMB, *Work.*

— WORK, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
Sew, Tibet; knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;
Let us see who will win the victory.
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;
Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie,
I will not—I cannot—no more can I,
Then give we all over, and there let it lie.
NICHOLAS UDALE, *Work Girls' Song*, *Royster Doyster.*

— WORK, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!
TOM HOOD, *Song of the Shirt.*

**Works.**—These are thy glorious WORKS, Parent of good!
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book v. l. 153.

**World.**—A mad WORLD, my masters.—MIDDLETON, *A Play.*

— Ah! WORLD unknown! how charming is thy view,
Thy pleasures many, and each pleasure new;
Ah! world experienced! what of thee is old?
How few thy pleasures, and those few how old.
CRABBE, *The Borough*, *Letter* 24.

**World.**—All this WORLD'S noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy.—COWLEY, *The Despair.*

— And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the WORLD wags."
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

— I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the WORLD
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.—*Ibid.*, *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 1.

— I am sick of this bad WORLD!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.
ADDISON, *Cato*, act. iv.

— I called the New WORLD into existence to redress the balance of the old.—*The King's Message* (12th Dec., 1766).

— I have not loved the WORLD, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, c. iii. st. 113.

— I hold the WORLD but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
SHAKESPERE, *Merchant of Venice*, act i. sc. 1.

— Let the great WORLD spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.—TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, v. 91.

— Nor is this WORLD but as a huge inn,
And men the rambling passengers.—HOWELL, *A Poem.*

— O how full of briars is this working-day WORLD!
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act i. sc. 3.

— O what a glory doth this WORLD put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.
LONGFELLOW, *Autumn.*

— O what a WORLD is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it.
SHAKESPERE, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 3.

— O who would trust this WORLD, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes, every minute.
QUARLES, bk. i. no. ix.

**World.**—Of whom the WORLD was not worthy.—*Hebrews* xi. 38.

— Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The WORLD was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. xii. l. 645.

— Such stuff the WORLD is made of.—COWPER, *Hope*, l. 211.

— The WORLD is ashamed of being virtuous.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. ch. xxvii.

— The WORLD is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
WORDSWORTH, *Sonnets*, pt. i. xxxiii.

— The WORLD'S at an end—what's to be done, Jasper?
GARRICK, *Miss in her Teens*, act ii.

— There is another and a better WORLD.
KOTZEBUE, *The Stranger*, act i. sc. 1.

— They most the WORLD enjoy who least admire.
Dr. YOUNG, *Night* viii.

— This WORLD is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but Heaven!
MOORE, *Sacred Songs*, *The World is all a fleeting Show.*

— 'Tis a busy talking WORLD,
That, with licentious breath, blows like the wind
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
ROWE, *The Fair Penitent*, act iii. sc. 1.

— 'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a WORLD,—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv., *Winter Evenings*, l. 86.

— To know the WORLD, not love her, is thy point.
She gives but little, nor that little long.
Dr. YOUNG, *Night* viii.

— What is the WORLD to them,
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?
THOMSON, *Spring*, l. 1134.

**World.**—What is this WORLD?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled:
The very turf on which we tread once lived.
BLAIR, *The Grave*, l. 483.

— Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the WORLD away.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

— Why, then the WORLD'S mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
*Ibid.*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 2.

— WORLD, in thy ever busy mart
I've acted no unnoticed part,
Would I resume it? Oh, no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamp burns dim and pale,
And reason asks, *Cui bono?*
JAMES SMITH, *Poem on Chigwell.*

**Worldly.**—Be wisely WORLDLY, be not worldly wise.
QUARLES, *Emblems*, bk. ii. 2.

**Worm.**—A man may fish with a WORM that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 3.

— The smallest WORM will turn, being trodden on.
*Ibid.*, *King Henry VI.*, pt. iii. act ii. sc. 2.

— The spirit of the WORM beneath the sod,
In love and worship blends itself with God.
SHELLEY, *Epipsychidion*, l. 122.

— Where their WORM dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.
*Mark* ix. v. 44.

— Your WORM is your only emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots.
SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 3.

**Worse.**—From good to bad, and from bad to WORSE,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall.
SPENSER, *Shepherd's Calendar*, *Feb.*, l. 12.

**Worship.**—This hour they WORSHIP and the next blaspheme.
Dr. GARTH, *The Dispensary*, canto iii. l. 42.

**Worst.**—Would Heaven this mourning were past!
One may have better luck at last;
Matters at WORST are sure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.
PRIOR, *Turtle and Sparrow*, l. 414.

**Worth.**—And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas WORTH.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. i. canto i. l. 491.

— I know my price: I am WORTH no worse a place.
SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act i. sc. 1.

— This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises WORTH by poverty depress'd.
Dr. JOHNSON, *London*, l. 176.

— What is WORTH in anything,
So much money as 'twill bring?
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, pt. ii. canto i. l. 465.

— What it's WORTH, ask death-beds; they can tell.
YOUNG, *Night* ii. l. 51.

— WORTH makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, ep. iv. l. 203.

**Wound.**—The private WOUND is deepest.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 4.

— Willing to WOUND, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.
POPE, *Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

**Wounds.**—When WOUNDS are mortal they admit no cure.
POMFRET, *The Fortunate Complaint.*

**Wranglers.**—I burn to set the imprison'd WRANGLERS free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast.
COWPER, *The Task*, bk. iv.

**Wreath.**—I sent thee late a rosy WREATH,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
BEN JONSON, *Song, Drink to Me Only.*

**Wretched.**—The WRETCHED have no friends.
DRYDEN, *All for Love*, act iii. sc. 1.

**Wrinkles.**—WRINKLES, the d—d democrats, won't flatter.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto x. st. 24.

**Writ.**—What is WRIT is writ;
Would it were worthier.—BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. 115.

**Write.**—And shame to WRITE what all men blush to read.
COTTON, *To E. W.*, l. 10.

— *Smith.* He can WRITE and read and cast accompt.
*Cade.* O monstrous!
*Smith.* We took him setting of boys' copies.
*Cade.* Here's a villain!
SHAKESPERE, *Henry VI.*, Part ii. act iv. sc. 2.

— I lived to WRITE, and wrote to live.
ROGERS, *Italy, A Character*, l. 16.

— To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to read and WRITE comes by nature.
SHAKESPERE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 3.

— Who can WRITE so fast as men run mad?
DR. YOUNG, *Satire* i.

— You WRITE with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.
*Clio's Protest.* MOORE, *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 155.

**Writing.**—At first one omits WRITING for a little while, and then one stays a while longer to consider of excuses, and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all.
SWIFT, *To the Rev. Mr. Winder.*

— Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is WRITING well.
BUCKINGHAM, *Essay on Poetry.*

— Their manner of WRITING is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor up and down, like the Chinese; but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.—SWIFT, *Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput*, chap. vi.

— True ease in WRITING comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 102.

**Written.**—By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so WRITTEN to after times, as they should not willingly let die.—MILTON, *Church Government.*

**Wrong.**—And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a WRONG.—BYRON, *Mazeppa.*

— Brother, brother, we are both in the WRONG.
GAY, *Beggars' Opera*, act ii. sc. 2.

— It may be right, but you are in the WRONG
To speak before your time.
SHAKESPERE, *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

— Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by WRONG;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
SHELLEY, *Julian and Maddalo.*

— You have a WRONG sow by the ear.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, part ii. canto iii.

**Wrongs.**—On adamant our WRONGS we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
KING, *Art of Love*, l. 971.

## V.

**Yankee.**—A term in America for New Englanders, and applied by foreigners to all natives of the United States. The most feasible origin is that the Indians, when speaking of the English settlers, called them "Yenghees," corrupted afterwards to "YANKEE."

**Year.**—Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old YEAR lies a-dying.
TENNYSON, *Death of the Old Year.*

**Year.**—These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling YEAR
Is full of Thee.—THOMSON, *Hymn.*

**Years.**— I am declined
Into the vale of YEARS.—SHAKESPERE, *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3.

— Jumping o'er times
Turning the accomplishment of many YEARS
Into an hour-glass.—*Ibid.*, *Henry V.*, chorus.

— YEARS following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from curselves away.
POPE, *Horace*, epistle ii. book ii. l. 72.

— YEARS steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, canto iii. st. 8.

**Yellow.**—All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks YELLOW to the jaundiced eye.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, part ii. l. 358.

**Yellow Jack.**—Among sailors, a common personification of the yellow fever. Although used as a proper name, it is probable that the original meaning of the appellation was nothing more than *yellow flag*, a flag being termed *a jack* by seamen, and *yellow* being the colour of that customarily displayed from lazarettos, or naval hospitals, and from vessels in quarantine.

**Yesterday.**—The same dull sound: the same dull lack
Of future in the level gray:
It seems like YESTERDAY come back
With his old things, and not to-day.
OWEN MEREDITH, *Wanderer.*

**Yorick.**—Alas, poor YORICK! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. . . . . Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?—SHAKESPERE, *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.

**Young.**—"Whom the gods love die YOUNG," was said of yore.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 12.

— YOUNG fellows will be young fellows.—IS. BICKERSTAFF.

— YOUNG men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.—*Quoted by* CAMDEN *as a saying of one* DR. METCALF.

**Young England.**—A collective designation given some thirty years ago to a number of persons of rank and character, in England, who were engaged in a social movement, having for its aim the revival of the manners of mediæval times, which they held to have been greatly injured by the growth of a commercial spirit among the higher classes. Their cry was:

> Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
> But give us back our old nobility.—*Lord John Manners.*

— YOUNG ENGLAND was gentlemanly and cleanly, its leaders being of the patrician order; and it looked to the Middle Ages for patterns of conduct. Its chiefs wore white waistcoats, gave red cloaks and broken meat to old women, and would have lopped off three hundred years from Old England's life, by pushing her back to the early days of Henry VIII. . . . Some of the cleverest of the younger members of the aristocracy belonged to the new organization, and a great genius (B. Disraeli) wrote some delightful novels to show their purpose, and to illustrate their manner of how-not-to-do-it in grappling with the grand social questions of the age. . . . Young England went out as soberly and steadily as it had lived. The select few who had composed it died like gentlemen, and were as polite as Lord Chesterfield in the act of death. Some of them turned Whigs, and have held office under Lord Palmerston; and others are Tories, and expect to hold office under Lord Derby, when he shall form his third ministry.—C. C. HAZEWELL.

**Young Idea.**—Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the YOUNG IDEA how to shoot.
THOMSON, *The Seasons, Spring*, l. 1149.

**Young Ireland.**—A name adopted by a party of Irish malcontents, about the year 1840, who were in sympathy with the progressive movements instigated by O'Connell—himself a member of the organization—but who ridiculed his renunciation of physical force in seeking political reforms, and who were impatient to inaugurate insurrection and war.

**Young Man.**—The atrocious crime of being a YOUNG MAN.
PITT, *Speech*, March 6, 1741.

**Youth.**—A YOUTH of frolics, an old age of cards.
POPE, *Moral Essay, To a Lady*, ep. ii. l. 241.

— And made YOUTH younger, and taught age to live.
DR. YOUNG, *Night* v. l. 796.

— He wears the rose
Of YOUTH upon him: from which the world should note
Something particular.
SHAKESPERE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 4.

**Youth.**—Home-keeping YOUTH have ever homely wits.
SHAKESPERE, *Two Gentlemen*, act i. sc. 1.

— In the very May-morn of his YOUTH
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
*Ibid.*, *Henry V.*, act i. sc. 2.

— O ye who teach the ingenuous YOUTH of nations—
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain;
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, canto ii. st. 1.

— From thoughtless YOUTH to ruminating age.
COWPER, *Progress of Error*, l. 24.

— Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A YOUTH to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
GRAY'S *Elegy*, *The Epitaph.*

## Z.

**Zadkiel.**—According to the Jewish rabbins, the name of one of the angels of the seven planets; the angel of the planet Jupiter. A pseudonym of Lieutenant Morrison, of the British Navy.

**Zeal.**—Tell ZEAL, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lust,
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust!
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.
Sir WALTER RALEIGH, *The Lye.*

— We do that in our ZEAL our calmer moments would be afraid to answer.—SCOTT, *Woodstock*, chap. xvii.

— Violent ZEAL for truth has a hundred to one odds to be either petulancy, ambition, or pride.—SWIFT, *Thoughts on Religion.*

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END OF ANALYTICAL INDEX.

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF

# POPULAR QUOTATIONS AND FAMILIAR PHRASES

FROM THE

## LATIN, FRENCH, AND OTHER LANGUAGES,

With their Signification and Translation into English.

[Abbreviations:—(Lat.) Latin—(Fr.) French—(It.) Italian—(Gr.) Greek.]

### A.

*A bas* (Fr.), down; down with.
*Ab extra* (Lat.), from without.
*Ab initio* (Lat.), from the beginning.
*Ab intra* (Lat.), from within.
*Ab origine* (Lat.), from the beginning.
*Ab ovo* (Lat.), from the egg; from the beginning.
*Absente reo* (Lat.), the person accused being absent.
*Ab urbe condita* (Lat.), from the founding of the city—*i.e.*, Rome.
*À compte* (Fr.), on account; in part payment.
*Ad aperturam* (Lat.), at the opening; as the book opens.
*Ad captandum vulgus* (Lat.), to catch the rabble.
*Ad eundem* (Lat.), to the same degree—*gradum* being understood.
*Ad extremum* (Lat.), to the extreme.
*Ad finem* (Lat.), to the end.
*Ad Græcas Calendas* (Lat.), at the Greek Calends; never, as the Greeks had no Calends.
*Ad infinitum* (Lat.), to infinity.

*Ad interim* (Lat.), in the meanwhile.
*À discrétion* (Fr.), at discretion; without restriction.
*Ad libitum* (Lat.), at pleasure.
*Ad literam* (Lat.), to the letter; letter for letter.
*Ad modum* (Lat.), after the manner of.
*Ad nauseam* (Lat.), to disgust.
*Ad referendum* (Lat.), to be further considered.
*Ad rem* (Lat.), to the point; to the purpose.
*Ad unum omnes* (Lat.), all to one; all to a man.
*Ad valorem* (Lat.), according to the value.
*Ad vitam aut culpam* (Lat.), for life or for fault.
*Æquo animo* (Lat.), with an equable mind.
*Ætatis suæ* (Lat.), of his or her age.
*Affaire d'amour* (Fr.), a love affair.
*Affaire d'honneur* (Fr.), an affair of honor.
*Affaire du cœur* (Fr.), an affair of the heart.
*A fortiori* (Lat.), with stronger reason.
*À la campagne* (Fr.), in the country.
*À la Française* (Fr.), after the French mode.
*À l'Anglaise* (Fr.), after the English mode.
*À la mode* (Fr.), according to the custom; in fashion.
*Alere flammam* (Lat.), to feed the flame.
*Al fresco* (It.), in the open air; cool.
*Allez-vous en* (Fr.), away with you.
*Allons* (Fr.), let us go; come on.
*Alma mater* (Lat.), fostering mother; a name applied to any University by those who have studied in it.
*Alto rilievo* (It.), in high relief.
*Alter ego* (Lat.), another self.
*Alter idem* (Lat.), another precisely similar.
*Alumnus, alumni* (Lat.), a graduate; graduates.
*Amende honorable* (Fr.), satisfactory apology; reparation.
*A mensa et thoro* (Lat.), from bed and board.
*Amor patriæ* (Lat.), love of country.

*Amour propre* (Fr.), self-love; vanity.
*Ancien régime* (Fr.), ancient order of things.
*Anglice* (Lat.), in English.
*Anno ætatis suæ* (Lat.), in the year of his or her age.
*Anno Christi* (Lat.), in the year of Christ.
*Anno Domini* (Lat.), in the year of our Lord.
*Anno mundi* (Lat.), in the year of the world.
*Annus mirabilis* (Lat.), the wonderful year.
*Ante meridiem* (Lat.), before noon.
*À outrance* (Fr.), to the utmost; to the death.
*Aperçu* (Fr.), survey; sketch.
*Aplomb* (Fr.), in a perpendicular line; firmly.
*A posteriori* (Lat.), from experiment or observation.
*A priori* (Lat.), theoretically; without experiment or observation.
*À propos* (Fr.), to the point; seasonably.
*Aqua vitæ* (Lat.), water of life; brandy; alcohol.
*Argumentum ad hominem* (Lat.), a plain, simple demonstration.
*Argumentum ad ignorantia* (Lat.), an argument founded on an opponent's ignorance of facts.
*Argumentum baculinum* (Lat.), the argument of the cudgel; an appeal to force.
*Arrière-pensée* (Fr.), after-thought; mental reservation.
*Ars est celare artem* (Lat.), true art is to conceal art.
*Ars longa, vita brevis* (Lat.), art is long, life is short.
*Audi alteram* (Lat.), hear the other side.
*Au fait* (Fr.), well instructed; expert.
*Au fond* (Fr.), at the bottom.
*Au pis aller* (Fr.), at the worst.
*Aura popularis* (Lat.), the gale of popular favor.
*Aurea mediocritas* (Lat.), the golden mean.
*Au reste* (Fr.), as for the rest.
*Au revoir* (Fr.), adieu till we meet again.

*Aut amat aut odit mulier* (Lat.), a woman either loves or hates.
*Aut Cæsar aut nullus* (Lat.), either Cæsar or nobody.
*Auto da fé* (Port.), an act of faith, a name in Sp. and Port. given to the burning of Jews and heretics on account of their religious tenets.
*Au troisième* (Fr.), on the third floor.
*Aut vincere aut mori* (Lat.), either to conquer or die.
*Aux armes* (Fr.), to arms.
*Avant-coureur* (Fr.), a forerunner; the usual Eng. form is *avant-courier*.
*Avant-propos* (Fr.), preliminary matter; preface.
*Avec permission* (Fr.), by consent.
*Avé, Maria* (Lat.), Hail, Mary; a prayer to the Virgin.
*A verbis ad verbera* (Lat.), from words to blows.
*A vinculo matrimonii* (Lat.), from the tie of marriage.
*À volonté* (Fr.), at pleasure.
*À vôtre santé* (Fr.), to your health.

## B.

*Bas bleu* (Fr.), a blue-stocking; a literary woman.
*Barcarole* (It.), an Italian boat song.
*Bagatelle* (Fr.), a trifle.
*Basso rilievo* (It.), in low relief.
*Beau ideal* (Fr.), an imaginary standard of perfection.
*Beau monde* (Fr.), the fashionable world.
*Beaux esprits* (Fr.), gay spirits; men of wit.
*Beaux yeux* (Fr.), handsome eyes; attractive looks.
*Bel esprit* (Fr.), a brilliant mind; a person of wit or genius.
*Bella! horrida bella!* (Lat.), wars! horrid wars!

*Ben trovato* (It.), well found; a happy invention.
*Bête noire* (Fr.), a black beast; a bugbear.
*Bienséance* (Fr.), civility; decorum.
*Bijouterie* (Fr.), jewelry.
*Billet doux* (Fr.), a love-letter.
*Bis dat qui cito dat* (Lat.), he gives twice who gives quickly.
*Blasé* (Fr.), surfeited; incapable of further enjoyment.
*Bona fide* (Lat.), in good faith; genuine.
*Bon ami* (Fr.), good friend.
*Bonbon* (Fr.), a sweetmeat.
*Bonne-bouche* (Fr.), a dainty morsel.
*Bon grê mal grê* (Fr.), willing or unwilling.
*Bonhomie* (Fr.), good-nature; simplicity.
*Bon jour* (Fr.), good day; good morning.
*Bon-mot* (Fr.), a bright or witty saying.
*Bonne* (Fr.), a nurse or governess.
*Bon soir* (Fr.), good evening.
*Bon-ton* (Fr.), good style; good manners; fashionable.
*Bon-vivant* (Fr.), a high liver, or man of pleasure.
*Brevi manu* (L.), with a short hand; without delay.
*Bric-à-brac* (Fr.), odds and ends of curiosities.
*Brutum fulmen* (L.), a harmless thunderbolt.

## C.

*Cacoethes loquendi* (Lat.), a rage for speaking.
*Cacoethes scribendi* (Lat.), an itch for scribbling.
*Cætera desunt* (Lat.), the remainder is wanting.
*Cæteris paribus* (Lat.), other things being equal.
*Canard* (Fr.), a hoax.
*Candida pax* (L.), white-robed peace.

*Caput* (L.), head; chapter.

*Caput mortuum* (L.), the dead body; the worthless remains.

*Carpe diem* (L.), enjoy the present day; seize the opportunity.

*Casus belli* (Lat.), a cause of war; that which justifies war.

*Catalogue raisonné* (Fr.), a catalogue of books arranged according to their subjects.

*Cedant arma togæ* (Lat.), let arms yield to the gown—that is, let military authority yield to the civil power.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute* (Fr.), it is only the first step which is difficult.

*Centum* (Lat.), a hundred.

*C'est à dire* (Fr.), that is to say.

*Chacun a son gout* (Fr.), every one to his taste.

*Chef* (F.), the head; the leading person or part; often applied to a chief or professed cook.

*Chef de bataillon* (Fr.), a major.

*Chef de cuisine* (Fr.), head cook.

*Chef-d'œuvre* (Fr.), a masterpiece.

*Chère amie* (Fr.), a dear friend; a mistress.

*Chevalier d'industrie* (Fr.), a knight of industry; one who lives by persevering fraud.

*Chevaux de frise* (Fr.), pointed defence around a military work.

*Chiaro-oscuro* (It.), a drawing in black and white; light and shade.

*Cicérone* (It.), a guide for showing works of art.

*Cicisbeo* (It.), a male attendant on a married lady.

*Ci-devant* (Fr.), formerly.

*Cogito ergo sum* (Lat.), I think, therefore I exist.

*Colubrem in sinu fovere* (Lat.), to cherish a serpent in one's bosom.

*Columbarium* (Lat.), ancient mortuary tomb.

*Comme il faut* (Fr.), as it should be.

*Compagnon de voyage* (Fr.), a travelling companion.
*Compos mentis* (Lat.), of sound mind.
*Compte rendu* (Fr.), account rendered; report.
*Comte* (Fr.), count.
*Comtesse* (Fr.), countess.
*Con amore* (It.), with love or great pleasure; earnestly.
*Con commodo* (It.), at a convenient rate.
*Conditio sine qua non* (Lat.), a necessary condition.
*Confrère* (Fr.), a brother of the same monastery; an associate.
*Congé d'élire* (Fr.), leave to elect.
*Conquiescat in pace* (Lat.), may he rest in peace.
*Conseil de famille* (Fr.), a family consultation.
*Conseil d'état* (Fr.), a council of state; a privy council.
*Constantia et virtute* (Lat.), by constancy and virtue.
*Consuetudo pro lege servatur* (Lat.), custom is observed as law.
*Contra bonos mores* (Lat.), against good manners.
*Contretemps* (Fr.), a disturbing meeting.
*Coram nobis* (Lat.), before us.
*Coram non judice* (Lat.), before one not the proper judge.
*Corps de garde* (Fr.), the company of men who watch in a guard-room; the guard-room itself.
*Corps diplomatique* (Fr.), a diplomatic body.
*Corpus Christi* (Lat.), Christ's body.
*Corpus delicti* (Lat.), the body, substance, or foundation of the offence.
*Corrigenda* (Lat.), corrections to be made; typographical blunders.
*Couleur de rose* (Fr.), rose-color; an aspect of beauty and attractiveness.
*Coup d'état* (Fr.), a master-stroke in politics.
*Coup de grace* (Fr.), a death-blow.
*Coup de main* (Fr.), taking by surprise.

*Coup d'œil* (Fr.), a glance of the eye.
*Coup de soleil* (Fr.), a sunstroke.
*Coute qu'il coute* (Fr.), let it cost what it may.
*Credula res amor est* (Lat.), love is a credulous affair.
*Crimen læsæ majestatis* (Lat.), the crime of injuring majesty; high treason.
*Cui bono?* (Lat.), for whose benefit is it? what good will it do?
*Cul de sac* (Fr.), a street or narrow passage not open at both ends.
*Cum grano salis* (Lat.), with a grain of salt; with some allowance.
*Cum privilegio* (Lat.), with privilege.
*Currente calamo* (Lat.), with a running or rapid pen.
*Custos rotulorum* (Lat.), the keeper of the rolls.

## D.

*Da capo* (It.), from the beginning.
*De bonne grace* (Fr.), with good grace; willingly.
*Débris* (Fr.), rubbish; broken remains.
*De die in diem* (Lat.), from day to day.
*De facto* (Lat.), from the fact; really.
*Dégagé* (Fr.), easy and unconstrained.
*Dehors* (Fr.), outwardly.
*Dei gratia* (Lat.), by the grace of God.
*Déjeuner à la fourchette* (Fr.), a meat breakfast.
*De jure* (Lat.), from the law; by right.
*Delenda est Carthago* (Lat.), Carthage must be blotted out or destroyed.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* (Lat.), let nothing but good be said of the dead.

*De nihilo nihil fit* (Lat.), of nothing, nothing is made.

*De novo* (Lat.), anew; over again from the beginning.

*Deo gratias* (Lat.), thanks to God.

*Deo juvante* (Lat.), with God's help.

*Deo, non fortuna* (Lat.), from God, not from fortune.

*Deo volente* (Lat.), God willing; by God's will; usually contracted into *D. V.*

*De profundis* (Lat.), out of the depths.

*Dernier ressort* (Fr.), a last resource.

*Désagrément* (Fr.), something disagreeable.

*Desideratum* (Lat.), something desirable or needed.

*Desunt cætera* (Lat.), the other things are wanting; the remainder is wanting.

*Détour* (Fr.), deviation; circuitous road.

*De trop* (Fr.), too much, or too many; not wanted.

*Dies iræ* (Lat.), the day of wrath.

*Dies non* (Lat.), in *law*, a day on which judges do not sit.

*Dieu défend le droit* (Fr.), God defends the right.

*Dieu et mon droit* (Fr.), God and my right.

*Dignus vindice nodus* (Lat.), a knot worthy to be untied by such an avenger, or by such hands.

*Dii penates* (Lat.), household gods.

*Dii majores* (Lat.), the greater gods.

*Dii minores* (Lat.), the lesser gods.

*Disjecta membra* (Lat.), scattered limbs or remains.

*Distingué* (Fr.), distinguished; eminent.

*Distrait* (Lat.), absent in thought.

*Divertissement* (Fr.), amusement; sport.

*Divide et impera* (Lat.), divide and rule.

*Dolce far niente* (It.), sweet doing-nothing; sweet idleness.

*Double entendre* (Fr.), double meaning; a play on words, in which the word or phrase is susceptible of more than one meaning.

*Dramatis personæ* (Lat.), the characters or persons represented in a drama.

*Dulce domum* (Lat.), sweet home; homewards.

*Dulce est desipere in loco* (Lat.), it is pleasant to jest or be merry at the proper time.

*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* (Lat.), it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country.

*Dum spiro, spero* (Lat.), while I breathe, I hope.

*Dum vivimus, vivamus* (Lat.), while we live, let us live.

## E.

*Eau de vie* (Fr.), water of life; brandy.

*Ecce homo* (Lat.), behold the man—applied to a picture representing Our Lord given up to the Jews by Pilate, or wearing a crown of thorns.

*Éclaircissement* (Fr.), an explanation.

*Editio princeps* (Lat.), the first edition.

*Égalité* (Fr.), equality.

*Ego et rex meus* (Lat.), I and my king.

*El dorado* (Sp.), the golden land.

*Émigré* (Fr.), an emigrant.

*Empressement* (Fr.), ardor; zeal.

*Émeute* (Fr.), an outbreak; a disturbance.

*En arrière* (Fr.), in the rear; behind.

*En attendant* (Fr.), in the meanwhile.

*En avant* (Fr.), forward.

*En déshabillé* (Fr.), in undress.

*En échelon* (Fr.), in steps; like stairs.

*En famille* (Fr.), in a domestic state.

*Enfans perdus* (Fr.), lost children; in *mil.*, the forlorn hope.

*En grande tenue* (Fr.), in full dress.
*En masse* (Fr.), in a body.
*En passant* (Fr.), in passing; by the way.
*En rapport* (Fr.), in relation; in connection.
*En règle* (Fr.), in order; according to rules.
*En route* (Fr.), on the way.
*En suite* (Fr.), in company.
*Entente cordiale* (Fr.), evidence of cordial good will exchanged by sovereigns or heads of two states.
*Entourage* (Fr.), surroundings; adjuncts.
*En tout* (Fr.), in all; wholly.
*Entrée* (Fr.), entrance; side-course at table.
*Entremets* (Fr.), small dainty dishes at the table.
*Entre nous* (Fr.), between ourselves.
*Entrepôt* (Fr.), depot for goods passing between countries.
*Entresol* (Fr.), a low room or apartment between floors.
*En vérité* (Fr.), in truth; verily.
*E pluribus unum* (Lat.), one formed of many; motto of the United States of America.
*Errare est humanum* (Lat.), to err is human.
*Esprit borné* (Fr.), a narrow, contracted mind.
*Esprit de corps* (Fr.), a unanimous spirit among a body of men.
*Esse quam videri* (Lat.), to be, rather than to seem.
*Esto perpetua* (Lat.), let it be perpetual; let it endure for ever.
*Et cætera* (Lat.), and so forth.
*Et hoc genus omne* (Lat.), and everything of the kind.
*Et sequentes* (Lat.), *et sequentia* (Lat.), and those that follow.
*Et sic de cæteris* (Lat.), and so of the rest.
*Et tu, Brute!* (Lat.), and thou also, Brutus!—said of one from whom such conduct would not have been expected.
*Eureka* (Gr.), I have found it.

*Ex adverso* (Lat.), from the opposite side.
*Ex animo* (Lat.), with the soul; heartily.
*Ex capite* (Lat.), from the head; from memory.
*Ex cathedrâ* (Lat.), papal or authoritative decision.
*Exceptio probat regulam* (Lat.), the exception proves the rule.
*Excerpta* (Lat.), extracts.
*Ex concesso* (Lat.), from what is conceded.
*Ex curia* (Lat.), out of court.
*Ex dono* (Lat.), by the gift.
*Exempli gratiâ* (Lat.), for the sake of example; for example; usually contracted into *E. G.*
*Exeunt* and *exeunt omnes* (Lat.), all go out.
*Exit* (Lat.), the departure, from the stage, of an actor.
*Ex necessitate rei* (Lat.), from the necessity of the case.
*Ex nihilo nihil fit* (Lat.) out of nothing, nothing comes.
*Ex officio* (Lat.), by virtue of office.
*Ex parte* (Lat.), on one side; on the part of.
*Ex pede Herculem* (Lat.), we see a Hercules from the foot; we judge of the whole from the specimen.
*Experimentum crucis* (Lat.), the experiment of the cross; a decisive experiment; a most searching test.
*Experto crede* (Lat.), trust one who has had experience.
*Ex post facto* (Lat.), after the deed is done.
*Ex tempore* (Lat.), on the spur of the moment.
*Extra muros* (Lat.), beyond the walls.
*Ex uno, disce omnes* (Lat.), from one, learn all; from one you can judge of the whole.
*Ex usu* (Lat.), from or by use.

## F.

*Facetiæ* (Lat.), sallies of wit and humor; jokes.

*Facile princeps* (Lat.), evidently pre-eminent; the admitted chief.

*Facilis est descensus Averni* (Lat.), the descent to hell is easy; the road to evil is an easy one.

*Fac-simile* (Lat.), an exact copy or likeness.

*Fait accompli* (Fr.), a thing already accomplished.

*Fata Morgana* (It.), the fairy Morgana; a mirage at sea near Messina, Sicily.

*Fata obstant* (Lat.), the Fates oppose it.

*Fauteuil* (Fr.), an easy-chair.

*Faux pas* (Fr.), a false step; a mistake.

*Fecit* (Lat.), he made it—on a *painting*, &c., put after an artist's name.

*Feliciter* (Lat.), happily; successfully.

*Felo de se* (Lat.), one who commits a felony by suicide.

*Femme couverte* (Fr.), a woman covered or sheltered; a married woman.

*Femme de chambre* (Fr.), a chambermaid.

*Ferœ naturæ* (Lat.), of a wild nature—said of wild beasts.

*Festina lente* (Lat.), hasten slowly.

*Fête champêtre* (Fr.), a rural festival.

*Fête Dieu* (Fr.), the Corpus Christi festival of the Roman Catholic Church.

*Feu de joie* (Fr.), a bonfire.

*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum* (Lat.), let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.

*Fidei defensor* (Lat.), defender of the faith.

*Fides Punica* (Lat.), Punic faith; treachery.

*Fidus Achates* (Lat.), faithful Achates; a true friend.

*Finem respice* (Lat.), look to the end.
*Flagrante delicto* (Lat.), in the commission of the crime.
*Fortiter in re* (Lat.), with firmness in acting.
*Fortuna favet fortibus* (Lat.), fortune favors the brave.
*Fronti nulla fides* (Lat.), no faith in the appearance; there is no trusting to appearances.
*Fuit Ilium* (Lat.), Troy has been.
*Fulmen brutum* (Lat.), a harmless thunderbolt.
*Furor loquendi* (Lat.), a rage for speaking.
*Furor poeticus* (Lat.), poetic fire.
*Furor scribendi* (Lat.), a rage for writing.

## G.

*Garde du corps* (Fr.), a body-guard.
*Garde mobile* (Fr.), a guard liable for general service.
*Genius loci* (Lat.), the genius of the place.
*Gens d'armes* (Fr.), armed police.
*Gens de lettres* (Fr.), literary people.
*Gentilhomme* (Fr.), a gentleman.
*Gloria in excelsis* (Lat.), glory to God in the highest.
*Gloria Patri* (Lat.), glory to the Father.
*Gourmand* (Fr.), a high liver.
*Gradus ad Parnassum* (Lat.), a step to Parnassus, a mountain sacred to Apollo and the Muses; a book containing aids in writing Greek or Latin poetry.
*Grande parure* (Fr.), full-dress.
*Guerre à outrance* (Fr.), war to the uttermost.
*Guerre à mort* (Fr.), war to the death.

## H.

*Habeas corpus* (Lat.), you may have the body (a writ in law).
*Haud passibus æquis* (Lat.), not with equal steps.
*Haut gout* (Fr.), refined or elegant taste.
*Hic et ubique* (Lat.), here and everywhere.
*Hic jacet* (Lat.), here lies—used on epitaphs.
*Hic labor, hoc opus est* (Lat.), this is labor, this is work.
*Hic sepultus* (Lat.), here buried.
*Hinc illæ lacrimæ* (Lat.), hence proceed these tears.
*Historiette* (Fr.), a short history; a tale or brief narrative.
*Hoi polloi* (Gr.), the many; the rabble.
*Hombre de un libro* (Sp.), a man of one book.
*Homme d'esprit* (Fr.), a man of talent; a witty man.
*Honi soit qui mal y pense* (Fr.), evil be to him who evil thinks.
*Horribile dictu* (Lat.), terrible to be said.
*Hors de combat* (Fr.), out of condition to fight.
*Hortus siccus* (Lat.), a collection of botanical specimens.
*Hôtel de ville* (Fr.), a town hall.
*Hôtel des Invalides* (Fr.), the military hospital in Paris.
*Humanum est errare* (Lat.), to err is human.

## I.

*Ibidem;* Ibid (Lat.), the same place.
*Ich dien* (prov. Ger.), I serve.
*Id est*, usually contracted into i.e. (Lat.), that is.
*Ignis fatuus* (Lat.), a will-o'-the-wisp; a deceiving light.

*Imitatores servum pecus* (Lat.), imitators, a servile herd.
*Imperium in imperio* (Lat.), government in a government.
*In æternum* (Lat.), forever.
*In armis* (Lat.), under arms.
*In articulo mortis* (Lat.), at the point of death; in the last struggle.
*Incognito* (It.), an unknown person.
*Index expurgatorius* (Lat.), to cleanse; a list of passages in books which are to be expunged.
*In esse* (Lat.), in being.
*In extenso* (Lat.), at full length.
*In extremis* (Lat.), at the point of death.
*In flagrante delicto* (Lat.), taken in the fact.
*In forma pauperis* (Lat.), in the form of a poor person; as a poor person; in *law*, to sue "in forma pauperis" relieves from costs.
*In foro conscientiæ* (Lat.), before the tribunal of conscience.
*Infra dignitatem* (Lat.), below one's dignity—often abbreviated into *infra dig.*
*In hoc signo vinces* (Lat.), under this sign or standard thou shalt conquer.
*In hoc statu* (Lat.), in this state or condition.
*In limine* (Lat.), at the threshold.
*In loco* (Lat.), in the place.
*In loco parentis* (Lat.), in the place of a parent.
*In medias res* (Lat.), into the midst of things.
*In memoriam* (Lat.) to the memory of; in memory.
*In nomine* (Lat.), in the name of.
*In nubibus* (Lat.), in the clouds.
*In pace* (Lat.), in peace.
*In perpetuum* (Lat.), forever.
*In petto* (It.), within the breast; in reserve.
*In pleno* (Lat.), in full.
*In posse* (Lat.), in possible existence; that may be possible.

*In præsenti* (Lat.), at the present time.
*In propriâ personâ* (Lat.), in one's own person.
*In puris naturalibus* (Lat.), in naked nature; quite naked.
*In re* (Lat.), in the matter of.
*In rem* (Lat.), against the thing or property.
*In rerum naturâ* (Lat.), in the nature of things.
*In situ* (Lat.), in place or situation.
*Insouciance* (Fr.), indifference; carelessness.
*In statu quo* (Lat.), in the state in which it was; in its former state.
*Inter alia* (Lat.), among other things.
*Inter nos* (Lat.), between ourselves.
*Inter pocula*, at one's cups.
*In terrorem* (Lat.), as a warning.
*Inter se* (Lat.), among ourselves.
*In totidem verbis* (Lat.), in so many words.
*In toto* (Lat.), in the whole; entirely.
*Intra muros* (Lat.), within the walls.
*In transitu* (Lat.), on the passage; during the conveyance.
*In vacuo* (Lat.), in empty space; free, or nearly free, from air.
*In vino veritas* (Lat.), there is truth in wine; truth is told under the influence of liquor.
*Invita Minerva* (Lat.), against the will of Minerva; against the grain, or one's inclination.
*Ipse dixit* (Lat.), he himself said it; a piece of dogmatism.
*Ipsissima verba* (Lat.), the very words.
*Ipsissimis verbis* (Lat.), in the very words.
*Ipso facto* (Lat.), in the fact itself.
*Ira furor brevis est* (Lat.), anger is a short madness.

## J.

*Jacta est alea* (Lat.), the die is cast.
*Je ne sais quoi* (Fr.), I know not what.
*Jet d'eau* (Fr.), a jet of water.
*Jeu de mots* (Fr.), a play on words; a pun.
*Jeu d'esprit* (Fr.), a play of spirit; a witticism.
*Jubilate Deo* (Lat.), be joyful in the Lord.
*Judicium Dei* (Lat.), the judgment of God.
*Jupiter tonans* (Lat.), Jupiter the thunderer.
*Jure divino* (Lat.), by divine law.
*Jure humano* (Lat.), by human law.
*Jus canonicum* (Lat.), canon law.
*Jus civile* (Lat.), civil law.
*Juxtaposition* (Lat.), near; near by.
*Jus gentium* (Lat.), the law of nations.
*Juste milieu* (Fr.), the golden mean.

## L.

*Labore et honore* (Lat.), by labor and honor.
*Labor ipse voluptas* (Lat.), labor itself is a pleasure.
*Labor omnia vincit* (Lat.), labor conquers everything.
*Laissez faire* (Fr.), let alone; suffer to have its own way.
*Lapsus calami* (Lat.), a slip of the pen.
*Lapsus linguæ* (Lat.), a slip of the tongue.
*Lapsus memoriæ* (Lat.), a slip of the memory.
*Lares et penates* (Lat.), the domestic and household gods of the ancient Romans.
*Latet anguis in herba* (Lat.), a snake lies hid in the grass.

*Laudari a viro laudato* (Lat.), to be praised by a man who is himself praised.

*L'avenir* (Fr.), the future.

*Laus Deo* (Lat.), praise to God.

*Le beau monde* (Fr.), the fashionable world.

*Le bon temps viendra* (Fr.), the good time will come.

*Le grand monarque* (Fr.), the great monarch—applied to Louis XIV. of France.

*Le pas* (Fr.), precedence in place or rank.

*Le roi le veut* (Fr.), the king wills it.

*Lèse majesté* (Fr.), high treason.

*Le tout ensemble* (Fr.), all together.

*Lettre de cachet* (Fr.), a sealed letter; a royal warrant.

*Lettre de marque* (Fr.), a letter of marque or reprisal.

*Lex non scripta* (Lat.), the unwritten law.

*Lex scripta* (Lat.), the written law; the statute law.

*Lex talionis* (Lat.), the law of retaliation.

*Liberum arbitrium* (Lat.), free-will.

*Limæ labor* (Lat.), the labor of the file; the slow polishing of a literary composition.

*Lingua Franca* (It.), the Frank tongue; the mixed language spoken by Europeans in the East.

*Lis sub judice* (Lat.), a lawsuit before a judge; a case not yet decided.

*Lite pendente* (Lat.), the lawsuit hanging; during the trial.

*Litera scripta manet* (Lat.), the written letter remains.

*Loci communes* (It.), common places.

*Locum tenens* (Lat.), one holding the place; a deputy or substitute.

*Locus standi* (Lat.), a place for standing; a right to interfere.

*Locus pœnitentiæ* (Lat.), place for repentance.

*Lusus naturæ* (Lat.), a sport or freak of nature.

## M.

*Ma chère* (Fr.), my dear—fem.
*Ma foi* (Fr.), upon my faith.
*Magna est veritas et prævalebit* (Lat.), truth is great, and it will prevail.
*Magnum bonum* (Lat.), great, good; an epithet denoting excellence in the highest degree.
*Magnum opus* (Lat.), a great work.
*Maintien* (Fr.), deportment; carriage.
*Maison de santé* (Fr.), a private hospital.
*Maître d'hôtel* (Fr.), a house-steward.
*Maladie du pays* (Fr.), home-sickness.
*Mala fide* (Lat.), with bad faith; treacherously.
*Mal à propos* (Fr.), ill-timed.
*Malgré nous* (Fr.), in spite of us.
*Manibus pedibusque* (Lat.), with hands and feet; with might and main.
*Manu propriâ* (Lat.), with one's own hand.
*Materfamilias* (Lat.), the mother of a family.
*Mauvaise honte* (Fr.), false shame.
*Mauvais sujet* (Fr.), a bad subject; a worthless fellow.
*Maximus in minimis* (Lat.), very great in trifling things.
*Medio tutissimus ibis* (Lat.), you will go most safely in a middle course.
*Me judice* (Lat.), I being judge; in my opinion.
*Memento mori* (Lat.), remember death.
*Mens agitat molem* (Lat.), mind moves matter.
*Mens sana in corpore sano* (Lat.), a sound mind in a sound body.
*Mens sibi conscia recti* (Lat.), a mind conscious of rectitude.
*Meo periculo* (Lat.), at my own risk.

*Mésalliance* (Fr.), improper association; marriage with one of lower station.
*Meum et tuum* (Lat.), mine and thine.
*Mirabile dictu* (Lat.), wonderful to be told.
*Mirabile visu* (Lat.), wonderful to be seen.
*Mise en scène* (Fr.), the getting up for the stage, or the putting in preparation for it.
*Modus operandi* (Lat.), the manner of operation.
*Mollia tempora fandi* (Lat.), times favorable for speaking.
*Mon ami* (Fr.), my friend.
*Mon cher* (Fr.), my dear—masc.
*More majorum* (Lat.), after the manner of our ancestors.
*More suo* (Lat.), in his own way.
*Motu proprio* (Lat.), of his own accord.
*Multum in parvo* (Lat.), much in little.
*Mundus vult decipi* (Lat.), the world wishes to be deceived.
*Mutatis mutandis* (Lat.), the necessary changes being made.

## N.

*Natale solum* (Lat.), natal soil.
*Necessitas non habet legem* (Lat.), necessity has no law.
*Née* (Fr.), born; family or maiden name.
*Ne exeat* (Lat.), let him not depart.
*Ne fronti crede* (Lat.), trust not to appearance.
*Négligé* (Fr.), a careless morning dress.
*Nemine contradicente* (Lat.), no one speaking in opposition; without opposition.
*Nemine dissentiente* (Lat.), no one dissenting; no opposition.
*Nemo me impune lacessit* (Lat.), no one provokes me with impunity.

*Ne plus ultra* (Lat.), nothing further; the uttermost point.
*Ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat* (Lat.), lest the republic or state receive any detriment.
*Ne sutor ultra crepidam* (Lat.), let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.
*Nihil ad rem* (Lat.), nothing to the point.
*Nil admirari* (Lat.), to wonder at nothing.
*Nil desperandum* (Lat.), never despair.
*N'importe* (Fr.), it matters not.
*Nisi Dominus, frustra* (Lat.), unless the Lord, in vain; unless God be with us, all our toil is in vain.
*Nisi prius* (Lat.), unless previously—a name given to the sittings of juries in civil cases.
*Nitor in adversum* (Lat.), I strive against opposition.
*Noblesse oblige* (Fr.), rank has its obligations.
*Nolens volens* (Lat.), whether he will or not.
*Noli me tangere* (Lat.), don't touch me.
*Nolle prosequi* (Lat.), to be unwilling to proceed.
*Nolo episcopari* (Lat.), I do not wish to be made a bishop.
*Nom de plume* (Fr.), an assumed title, as by a literary person.
*Nom de guerre* (Fr.), an assumed name; a travelling title.
*Non compos mentis* (Lat.), not sound of mind.
*Non constat* (Lat.), it does not appear.
*Non ens* (Lat.), not being; nonentity.
*Non liquet* (Lat.), it is not clear—applied to one undecided in mind.
*Non mi ricordo* (It.), I do not remember.
*Non multa, sed multum* (Lat.), not many things, but much.
*Non obstante* (Lat.), not standing over against; notwithstanding.
*Non prosequitur* (Lat.), he does not prosecute.
*Non sequitur* (Lat.), it does not follow; an unwarranted conclusion.

*Nosce teipsum* (Lat.), know thyself.
*Noscitur e sociis* (Lat.), he is known by his companions.
*Nota bene*, usually contracted into *N.B.* (Lat.), mark well; notice particularly.
*Nôtre Dame* (Fr.), Our Lady—name of various cathedrals in France.
*Nous verrons* (Fr.), we shall see.
*Novus homo* (Lat.), a new man; one who has raised himself from obscurity.
*Nudum pactum* (Lat.), a mere agreement, unconfined by writing.
*Nulli secundus* (Lat.), second to none.
*Nunc aut nunquam* (Lat.), now or never.
*Nunquam non paratus* (Lat.), never unprepared.

## O.

*Obiter dictum* (Lat.), a thing said by the way, or in passing.
*Obsta principiis* (Lat.), resist the first beginnings.
*Odi profanum* (Lat.), I loathe the common.
*Odium theologicum* (Lat.), the hatred of theologians.
*Officina gentium* (Lat.), the workshop of the world.
*Omne ignotum pro magnifico* (Lat.), everything unknown is thought to be magnificent.
*Omne solum forti patria* (Lat.), every soil to a brave man is his country.
*Omnia bona bonis* (Lat.), all things with the good are good.
*Omnia vincit amor* (Lat.), love conquers all things.
*On connait l'ami au besoin* (Fr.), a friend is known in time of need.
*On dit* (Fr.), they say; a flying rumor.

*Onus probandi* (Lat.), the burden of proving.
*Operæ pretium est* (Lat.), it is worth while.
*Optimates* (Lat.), of the first rank.
*Ora pro nobis* (Lat.), pray for us.
*Ore rotundo* (Lat.), with round full voice.
*O! si sic omnia* (Lat.), O, if all things so! O that he had always done or spoken thus!
*O tempora! O mores!* (Lat.), O the times! O the manners.
*Otium cum dignitate* (Lat.), ease with dignity; dignified leisure.
*Otium sine dignitate* (Lat.), ease without dignity.
*Ouvriers* (Fr.), operatives; workmen.

## P.

*Pace tua* (Lat.), with your consent.
*Pallida mors* (Lat.), pale death.
*Palmam qui meruit ferat* (Lat.), let him who has won it bear the palm.
*Par excellence* (Fr.), by way of eminence.
*Pari passu* (Lat.), with equal pace; together.
*Pas* (Fr.), action; stop; precedence.
*Passim* (Lat.), everywhere; all through.
*Pater noster* (Lat.), Our Father—a term applied to the Lord's Prayer.
*Pater patriæ*, the father of his country.
*Patres conscripti* (Lat.), conscript fathers; the anc. Roman senators.
*Pax in bello* (Lat.), peace in war.
*Peccavi* (Lat.), I have sinned.
*Penetralia* (Lat.), secret recesses.

*Per annum* (Lat.), by the year.
*Per centum* (Lat.), usually contracted *per cent.*, by the hundred; each hundred.
*Per conto* (It.), upon account.
*Per contra* (Lat.), by the opposite; contrariwise.
*Per diem* (Lat.), by the day; daily.
*Per fas et nefas* (Lat.), through right and wrong.
*Per gradus* (Lat.), through steps; step by step.
*Periculum in mora* (Lat.), danger in delay.
*Per saltum* (Lat.), by a leap or jump.
*Per se* (Lat.), by itself.
*Personnel* (Fr.), the persons employed in any service, as distinguished from the *matériel.*
*Petit* (Fr.), small.
*Petitio principii* (Lat.), a begging of the question.
*Petit maître* (Fr.), a small master; a fop; a beau.
*Pinxit* (Lat.), he painted it.
*Pis aller* (Fr.), the last or worst shift.
*Plebs* (Lat.), the common people.
*Pleno jure* (Lat.), with full authority.
*Poeta nascitur, non fit* (Lat.), the poet is born, not made.
*Point d'appui* (Fr.), point of support; prop.
*Pons asinorum* (Lat.), the bridge of the asses—a name given to the 5th proposition of the 1st book of Euclid.
*Populus vult decipi* (Lat.), people wish to be deceived.
*Posse comitatus* (Lat.), the power of the county.
*Poste restante* (Fr.), to remain till called for—applied to letters in a post-office.
*Post meridian* (Lat.), afternoon.
*Post mortem* (Lat.), after death.
*Post obitum* (Lat.), after death.
*Pour boire* (Fr.), a gratuity; drink money.
*Pour passer le temps* (Fr.), to pass away the time.
*Pour prendre congé* (Fr.), to take leave.

*Præmonitus, præmunitus* (Lat.), forewarned, forearmed.
*Prescriptum* (Lat.), a thing prescribed.
*Preux chevalier* (Fr.), a brave knight.
*Prima facie* (Lat.), on the first view.
*Primum mobile* (Lat.), the mainspring.
*Principia, non homines* (Lat.), principles, not men.
*Principiis obsta* (Lat.), resist the first beginnings.
*Pro aris et focis* (Lat.), for our altars and firesides.
*Probatum est* (Lat.), it is proved.
*Pro bono publico* (Lat.), for the public good.
*Procès verbal* (Fr.), a written statement.
*Pro et con* (Lat.), for and against.
*Profanum vulgus* (Lat.) the profane vulgar.
*Pro formâ* (Lat.), for the sake of form.
*Pro hâc vice* (Lat.), for this time or occasion.
*Proh pudor!* (Lat.), O, for shame!
*Projet de loi* (Fr.), a legislative bill.
*Pro memoriâ* (Lat.), for a memorial.
*Pro patriâ* (Lat.), for our country.
*Propagandâ fide* (Lat.), for extending the faith.
*Pro ratâ* (Lat.), in proportion.
*Pro rege, grege, et lege* (Lat.), for the king, the people, and the law.
*Pro re natâ* (Lat.), for a special emergency; special.
*Pro tanto* (Lat.), for so much.
*Pro tempore* (Lat.), for the time being.
*Punica fides* (Lat.), Punic faith; treachery.

## Q.

*Quære* (Lat.), query; a word denoting inquiry.
*Quam diu se bene gesserit* (Lat.), during good behavior.

*Quantum meruit* (Lat.), as much as he deserved.
*Quantum sufficit* (Lat.), as much as is sufficient; a sufficient quantity.
*Quasi* (Lat.), as if; in a manner.
*Quelque chose* (Fr.), something; a trifle; a kickshaw.
*Quid nunc?* (Lat.), what now? a newsmonger.
*Quid pro quo* (Lat.), one thing for another.
*Quid rides?* (Lat.), why do you laugh?
*Qui vive?* (Fr.), who goes there? on the *qui vive*, on the alert.
*Quod erat demonstrandum* (Lat.), which was to be proved or demonstrated.
*Quod erat faciendum* (Lat.), which was to be done.
*Quod vide* (Lat.), which see.
*Quondam* (Lat.), that was formerly; former.
*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat* (Lat.), those whom God wishes to destroy, He first makes mad.
*Quot homines, tot sententiæ* (Lat.), so many men, so many minds.

## R.

*Rara avis* (Lat.), a rare bird; a prodigy.
*Réchauffé* (Fr.), heated again, as food; stale; old.
*Reductio ad absurdum* (Lat.), a reducing to an absurdity.
*Re infectâ* (Lat.), the business being unfinished.
*Religio loci* (Lat.), the religious spirit of the place.
*Rem acu tetigisti* (Lat.), you have touched the thing with a needle; exactly.
*Renaissance* (Fr.), revival, as of letters or art.
*Rentes* (Fr.), funds bearing interest; stocks.
*Requiescat in pace* (Lat.), may he rest in peace.

*Res angusta domi* (Lat.), narrow circumstances at home; poverty.
*Res est sacra miser* (Lat.), a suffering person is sacred.
*Res gestæ* (Lat.), exploits.
*Respice finem* (Lat.), look to the end.
*Resurgam* (Lat.), I shall rise again.
*Revenons à nos moutons* (Fr.), let us return to our subject.
*Re vera* (Lat.), in the true matter; in truth.
*Robe de chambre* (Fr.), a dressing-gown, or morning gown.
*Ruat cœlum* (Lat.), let the heavens fall.
*Ruse de guerre* (Fr.), a stratagem of war.
*Rus in urbe* (Lat.), the country in town.

## S.

*Sal Atticum* (Lat.), Attic salt—that is, wit.
*Salvo jure* (Lat.), saving the right.
*Sanctum sanctorum* (Lat.), the holy of holies.
*Sang froid* (Fr.), cold blood; coolness.
*Sans cérémonie* (Fr.), without ceremony.
*Sans façon* (Fr.), without form or trouble.
*Sans peur et sans reproche* (Fr.), without fear and without reproach.
*Sartor resartus* (Lat.), the tailor mended.
*Satis verborum* (Lat.), enough of words.
*Sauve qui peut* (Fr.), save himself who can.
*Sculpsit* (Lat.), he engraved it; placed after an engraver's name.
*Secundum artem* (Lat.), according to art or rule; scientifically.
*Secundum naturam* (Lat.), according to nature.

*Secundum ordinem* (Lat.), according to order; in order.
*Semel et simul* (Lat.), once and together.
*Semel pro semper* (Lat.), once for all.
*Semper idem* (Lat.), always the same.
*Semper paratus* (Lat.), always ready.
*Se non e vero, e ben trovato* (It.), if it is not true, it is well feigned.
*Sic itur ad astra* (Lat.), such is the way to immortality.
*Sic passim* (Lat.), so everywhere.
*Sic transit gloria mundi* (Lat.), so earthly glory passes away.
*Sic volo, sic jubeo* (Lat.), thus I will, thus I command.
*Similia similibus curantur* (Lat.), like things are cured by like things.
*Similis simili gaudet* (Lat.), like is pleased with like.
*Si monumentum quæris circumspice* (Lat.), if you seek his monument, look around.
*Sine die* (Lat.), without a day appointed.
*Sine qua non* (Lat.), an indispensable condition.
*Siste, viator!* (Lat.), stop, traveller!
*Si vis pacem, para bellum* (Lat.), if you wish peace, prepare for war.
*Soi-disant* (Fr.), self-styled.
*Spero meliora* (Lat.), I hope for better things.
*Spirituel* (Fr.), intellectual; witty.
*Spolia opima* (Lat.), in anc. Rome, the spoils of a vanquished general taken by the victorious general; a rich booty.
*Sponte sua* (Lat.), of one's own accord.
*Statu quo ante bellum* (Lat.), in the state which was before the war.
*Status quo* (Lat.), the state in which.
*Stet* (Lat.), let it stand.
*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* (Lat.), gentle in manners, brave in deed.
*Sub judice* (Lat.), under consideration.

*Sub pœna* (Lat.), under a penalty.
*Sub rosa* (Lat.), privately.
*Sub silentio* (Lat.), in silence or stillness.
*Sui generis* (Lat.), of its own kind.
*Summum bonum* (Lat.), the chief good.
*Summum jus, summa injuria* (Lat.), the rigor of the law is the height of oppression.
*Surgit amari aliquid* (Lat.), something bitter rises.
*Suum cuique* (Lat.), let each have his own.

## T.

*Table d'hote* (Fr.), the regularly given hotel dinner.
*Tableau vivant* (Fr.), living pictures; an exhibition in which living persons represent scenes.
*Tabula rasa* (Lat.), a smooth or blank tablet.
*Tædium vitæ* (Lat.), weariness of life.
*Tant pis* (Fr.), so much the worse.
*Te Deum* (Lat.), an ancient Christian hymn in the Latin language, beginning "We praise Thee, O God."
*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis* (Lat.), the times are changed, and we are changed with them.
*Tempus fugit* (Lat.), time flies.
*Terminus ad quem* (Lat.), the time to which.
*Terminus a quo* (Lat.), the time from which.
*Terra cotta* (Lat.), baked earth.
*Terra firma* (Lat.), solid ground; the continent.
*Terra incognita* (Lat.), an unknown country.
*Tertium quid* (Lat.), a third something.
*Tête-à-tête* (Fr.), a confidential interview; whispering.
*Toga virilis* (Lat.), the gown of manhood.

*Totidem verbis* (Lat.), in just so many words.
*Toties quoties* (Lat.), as often as.
*Toto cœlo* (Lat.), by the whole heaven; diametrically opposite.
*Toujours prèt* (Fr.), always ready.
*Tour de force* (Fr.), a feat of strength or skill.
*Tout-à-fait* (Fr.), entirely; wholly.
*Tout ensemble* (Fr.), the whole taken together.
*Troja fuit* (Lat.), Troy was.
*Tu quoque, Brute!* (Lat.), and thou too, Brutus!
*Trottoir* (Fr.), a side-walk.

## U.

*Ubi mel, ibi apes* (Lat.), where honey is, there are bees.
*Ultima ratio regum* (Lat.), the last argument of kings; war.
*Ultima Thule* (Lat.), the utmost boundary or limit.
*Un bienfait n'est jamais perdu* (Fr.), a kindness is never lost.
*Un fait accompli* (Fr.), an accomplished fact.
*Usque ad nauseam* (Lat.), to disgust.
*Usus loquendi* (Lat.), usage in speaking.
*Utile dulci* (Lat.), the useful with the pleasant.
*Ut infra* (Lat.), as below.
*Uti possidetis* (Lat.), as you possess; state of present possession.
*Ut supra* (Lat.), as above stated.

## V.

*Vade mecum* (Lat.), a pocket companion or manual.
*Vale* (Lat.), farewell.

*Valet de chambre* (Fr.), an attendant; a footman.
*Veni, vidi, vici* (Lat.), I came, I saw, I conquered.
*Verbatim et literatim* (mid. Lat.), word for word, and letter for letter.
*Verbum sat sapienti* (Lat.), a word is enough for a wise man.
*Vestigia* (Lat.), tracks; vestiges.
*Vestigia nulla retrorsum* (Lat.), no footsteps backward.
*Vexata quæstio* (Lat.), a disputed question.
*Vice versa* (Lat.), the opposite way; the reverse.
*Videlicet* (Lat.), to wit; namely; that is to say.
*Vide ut supra* (Lat.), see what is stated above.
*Vi et armis* (Lat.), by force and by arms; by main force.
*Vincit, qui se vincit* (Lat.), he conquers, who overcomes himself.
*Vinculum matrimonii* (Lat.), the bond of marriage.
*Virtus laudatur, et alget* (Lat.), virtue is praised, and is not cherished (is starved).
*Virtus semper viridis* (Lat.), virtue ever green and blooming.
*Vis inertiæ* (Lat.), the power by which matter resists changes endeavored to be made on its state.
*Vivat regina!* (Lat.), long live the queen!
*Vivat rex!* (Lat.), long live the king!
*Viva voce* (Lat.), by the living voice; by oral testimony.
*Vivat respublica!* (Lat.), long live the republic!
*Vive la république!* (Fr.), long live the republic!
*Vive l'empereur!* (Fr.), long live the emperor!
*Vive le roi!* (Fr.), long live the king!
*Voila* (Fr.), behold; there is or there are.
*Volenti non fit injuria* (Lat.), no injustice is done to the consenting person—by a proceeding to which he consents.
*Vox populi, vox Dei* (Lat.), the voice of the people is the voice of God.
*Vulgo* (Lat.), commonly.

THE END.

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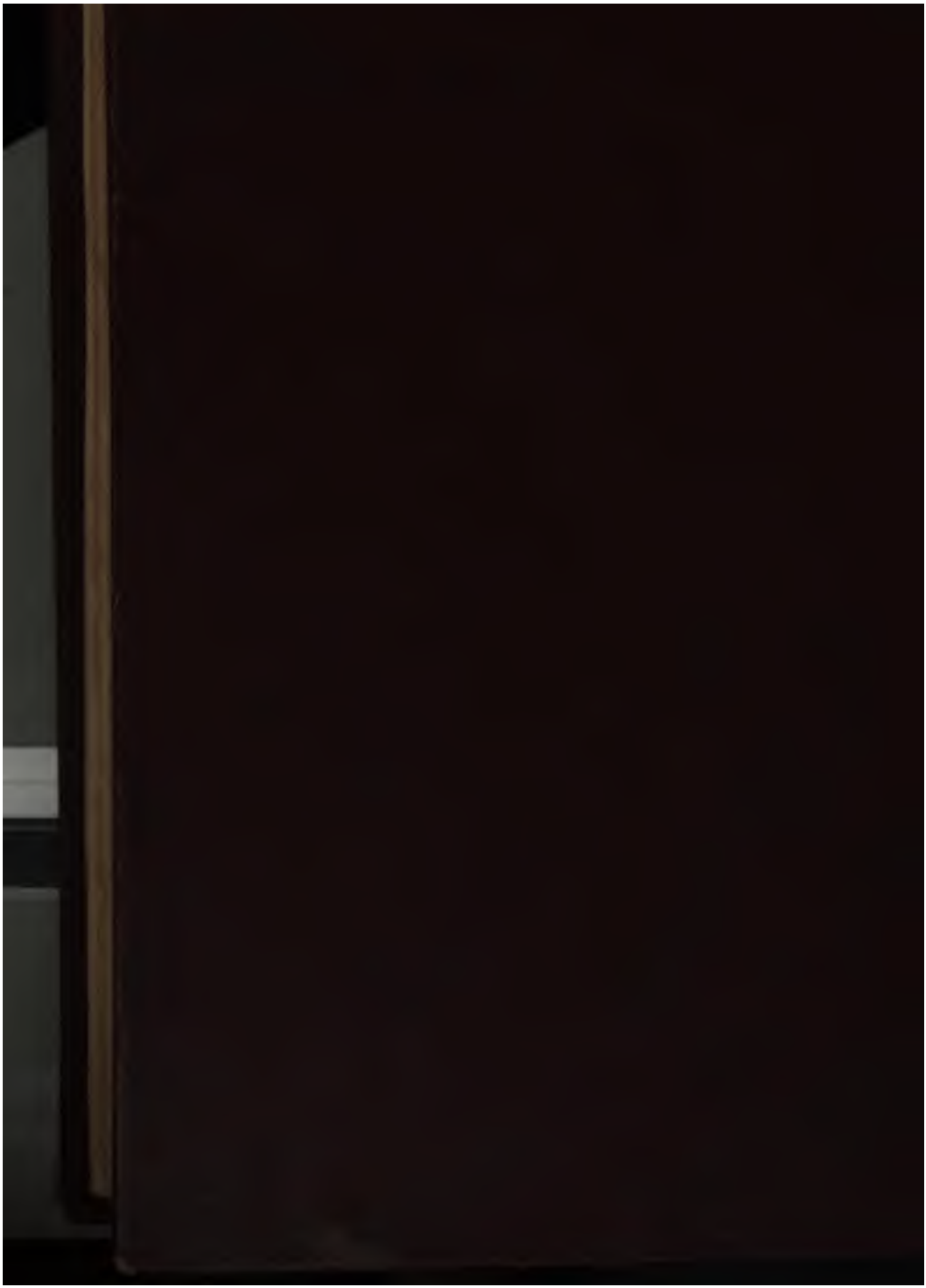
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